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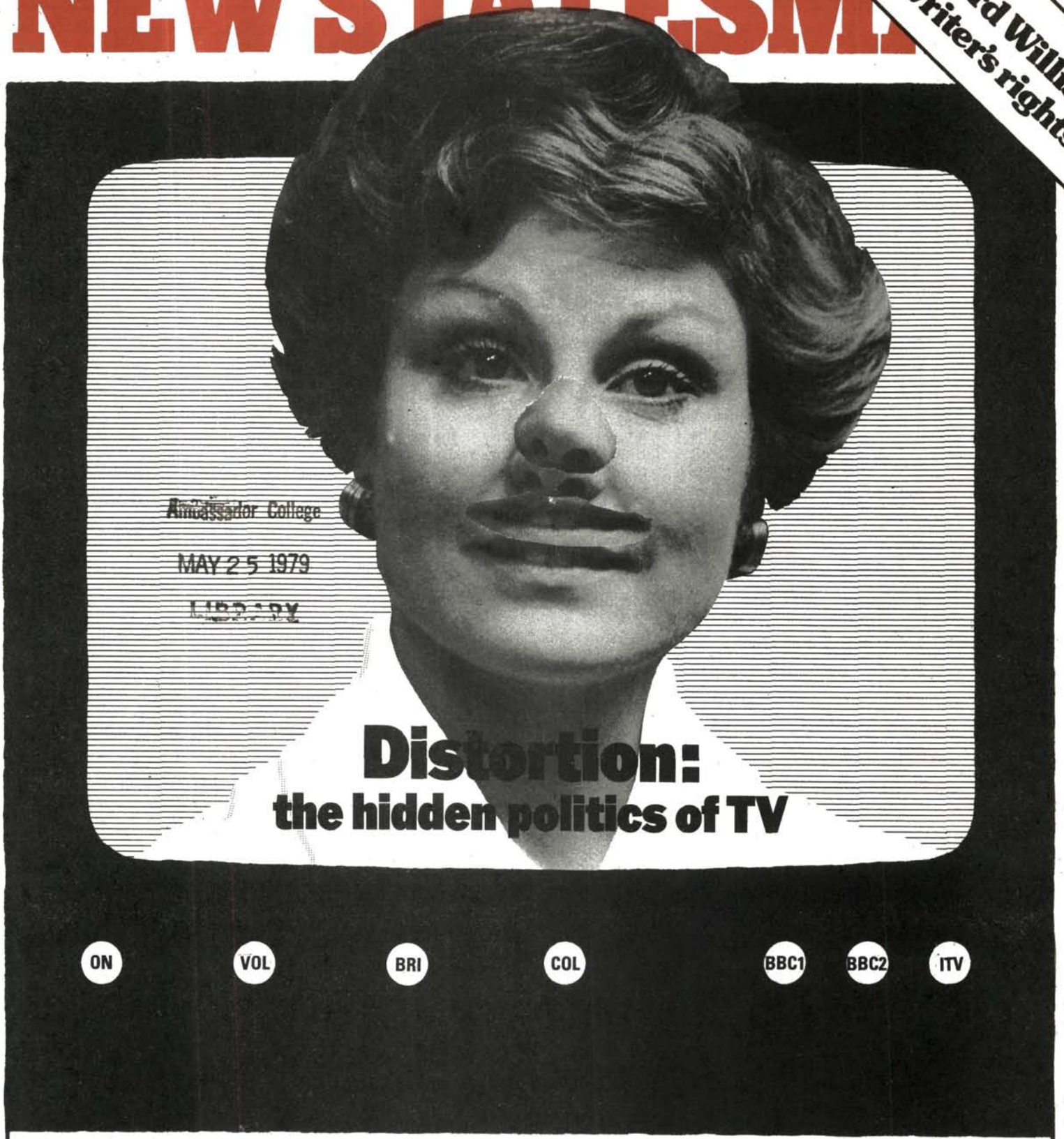

Distortion: the hidden politics of TV

Geography, class and the election
Economics: the Tories' shabby tigers
China's Bay of Pigs
Turkey's crisis: the fascist threat

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WHAT IS the election about? A few pages further into this issue, we have some tables in which the outline of the obvious question can be discerned: will Labour be able to repair the fearsome damage which has been done to its working-class support? As we showed last year (NS 23 June) the reality of modern British politics is a steady erosion of Labour's traditional position among the skilled working-class. To that long-term trend has been added, in recent months, a considerable revulsion – apparently, more of a short-term effect – among unskilled workers and their families. It is the combination of the two which makes a Conservative victory possible, though far from certain.

To forestall any Tory chicken-counters, this is no simple matter of workers becoming more prosperous, more middle-class, and therefore more Tory. There is a very different pattern among middle-class voters, where Labour's support is holding-up remarkably well: indeed, the curious disloyalty of the bourgeoisie must be one of the hairier flies in Mrs Thatcher's political make-up jar. To be sure, there is nothing all that curious about it in reality: whatever their protestations, Labour governments of the sort we have had since 1964 tend to do more for the bourgeoisie – especially that section of it which inhabits quango-land – than they ever do for their traditional supporters. Why would manual workers vote for governments which expose them to unemployment and industrial decline? Not that it is wrong in principle – however deplorable the practice may have been – for parties like Labour to seek a proportion of middle-class votes. Indeed, the whole business of running a broad-based party of the left is to assemble a majority for change by persuading a section of the bourgeoisie that some of its interests may be reconciled with the interests of the workers. However, there can be no more searching test of political character and skill than to try to achieve this. Duplicity has proved to be useless for the work, and its over-employment during the Wilson years led directly to Labour's predicament today. Bluntly, the working-class side of the partnership considers, with some justice, that it has been sold out.

The damage is still far from being irreparable, but the truth is that none of this week's battles over the Labour manifesto can yet do much by way of reconstruction. It is not so much that working-class Labour voters are unimpressed by talk about public ownership and compulsory planning agreements – though as a matter of fact they are, perhaps because no-one can quite see who will benefit, except the professional political class. The main trouble derives from scepticism about the possibility of holding any political party to any reasonably worthwhile spirit of the promises it makes in its manifesto. Obviously, this problem is deadly to a party of change, whereas it is of no more than marginal importance to a party like the Tories, who do not intend, for all their roaring, to change anything, and can therefore allow Mrs Thatcher to approach the voters with a programme of supreme meaninglessness (see page 469).

JUST AS COURAGE is the one essential virtue, without which all others are liquescent, no political promise today means anything unless it is underwritten by a commitment to reform the bureaucracy and open up the process of government. Of course, it is a fairly standard party-manager's response to say that questions like that do not interest the mass of voters, and that the election will be decided on 'bread and butter issues' – or some such nonsense. It is exactly this fragmentation which produces the debility of left-wing politics.

The economic failure which is eroding Labour's basic political strength does not result principally from shortage of physical resources in Britain, or from any other ineluctable cause, and we should not allow this alibi to delude us, even if it has for the moment taken-in such sagacious commentators as Peter Jenkins of the *Guardian*. The chief cause is the wondrous confusion generated by the managers of our economy, who never explain to anyone – least of all, perhaps, themselves – what they are trying to do and why. It may be a tricky business for socialists to quote Burke, but when he said that he never knew any scheme which was not much improved by the observations of persons inferior in understanding to those who were its originators, he expressed the essence of the case for open government – that it generates through dialogue, as nothing else can, the confidence and self-understanding which a society must have if it is to remedy complex problems.

Realistically, we must admit that this present election will not take us very far towards the necessary reform of our means of government. But what matters most of all, granted that Labour's traditional supporters can be persuaded to give the party one more overdraft, is to ensure that in the new parliament none of the painful progress that has been made can be cancelled out. If it were to be cancelled, the means to redeem the debt will never be available.

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Manifesto rout

Patrick Wintour writes: The Labour Party national executive and the cabinet finalise the election manifesto this Friday. It promises to be one of the most platitudinous for years. Its conservatism is a triumph for Callaghan and a monument to the political incompetence of the left. For two years the left knew that Callaghan wanted to leave the finalising of the manifesto until it suited him, but they did virtually nothing and were caught on the hop by the government's defeat last week. The manifesto to be presented for endorsement this Friday is based on a version written by Callaghan and his adviser Tom McNally. There is no mention of the Left's main policies: abolition of the House of Lords, a right of access to government information, a commitment not to build a second generation of nuclear weaponry, compulsory planning agreements in industry, an extension of price controls, and a detailed commitment to industrial democracy. How was the left routed?

The first draft manifesto appeared in December 1978 – the work of Geoff Bish, head of the Labour Party research department. Immediately the NEC referred the draft to a series of NEC/Cabinet working groups; four months later little had happened. Neither side could agree what happened at the meetings – the minutes were in dispute or not updated; they could not agree on substantial issues of economic and industrial policy. In their drafts contentious issues were put in brackets. Unsurprisingly, when the election was called, the Labour Party research department found ministers suddenly un-cooperative and that No 10 had prepared its own manifesto.

Last week-end the research department worked frantically to salvage something of their original document. They produced a 30 page document, 'incorporating the work of 11 NEC/Cabinet working parties'. 'Apart from the sections on jobs, prices, industry and part of that on energy' there seemed to be agreement, but where not, portions were printed in brackets. Sometimes both the Cabinet's and the NEC's wording was printed. Among the many NEC demands which have almost certainly gone: import controls, the rejection of the European Monetary System, control of the ownership of agricultural land by financial institutions, the reform of the Bank of England, the strengthening of the NEB, the establishment of a new facility to channel institutional funds into industrial investment, and the nationalisation of the mining supply industry.

When the NEC met on Monday the Left believed they would be working from the weekend document which included these proposals; the Right assumed the document would be ignored. As two Callaghan trade unionists – Hadden and Russell – were late arriving, the left started with an advantage. But they threw it away when Russell Tuck proposed a small sub-committee – of Frank Allaun, of the NEC, Ron Hayward, party general secretary, and Callaghan – to produce a draft by Friday. Such a sub-committee had been supported in Bish's weekend draft. Allaun wanted a larger committee so the idea was widened to comprise four cabinet ministers and four NEC members. It was obvious from the nominations that Callaghan would have a majority of this committee, but all save four of the NEC voted for the plan. Maynard, Skinner, Kinnock and Saunois of the Young Socialists voted against.

The sub-committee met that evening until 3.30 on Tuesday morning and was dominated by Callaghan and Healey who said Bish's weekend draft was at least double the right length and was too detailed; their own draft gradually became the basis for discussion. Callaghan settled issues by shouting 'shut up, that will not be in the manifesto', on two occasions he threatened to resign and sometimes he promised to discuss policy after the election.

The NEC have only themselves to blame: despite two years' warning they failed to produce their own manifesto in good time and to campaign on it within the party. They were caught by one of the oldest traditions of the Labour party: the leader foisting a spineless manifesto on the party at the last moment.

Carter stumbles

Claudia Wright writes from Washington: The political fallout from last week's nuclear reactor accident looks like being particularly severe for the President and his Secretary of Energy, James Schlesinger; this could not have happened at a worse time. For weeks the White House has been unable to make final decisions on a new energy policy to cope with the first wave of Iranian oil shortages, and now the second wave of OPEC price increases. Last year's protracted struggle in Congress to enact measures to reduce oil consumption and stimulate the supply of alternative fuels was so politically costly to the President that this year he is trying to line up congressional support before he announces his policy.

Under present law, the licensing and construction of nuclear reactors is subject to a lengthy process of study and public debate on the environmental impacts, safety and economic costs of proposed designs. The nuclear regulatory commission (NRC), which is the federal licensing authority, has been

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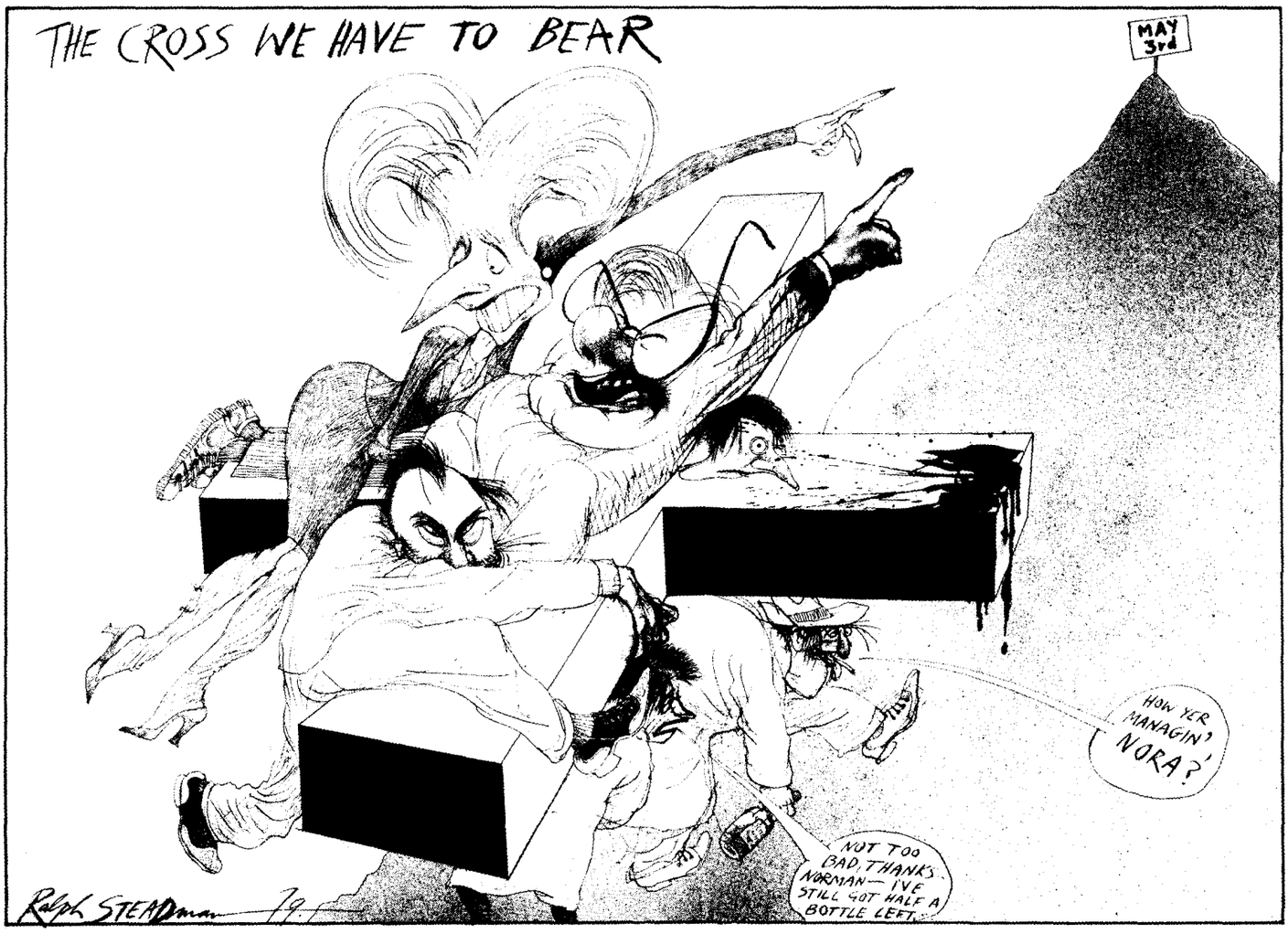
THE CROSS WE HAVE TO BEAR
MAY 3rd
HOW YER MANAGIN', NORA?'
NOT TOO BAD, THANKS NORMAN — I'VE STILL GOT HALF A BOTTLE LEFT.
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sharply attacked for some years for failing to enforce adequate safety standards, and anti-nuclear power scientists have charged the NRC with suppressing expert reports which have indicated modifications and improvements in accident prevention. In the past month, the NRC has cancelled operating licences for several reactors, some already underway, which are inadequately safeguarded against earthquakes. The Harrisburg plant has been having operating problems for months. The NRC has been aware of this and safeguards have not been taken, according to the Union of Concerned Scientists who listed 17 major safety problems which apply to this type of reactor, which is cooled by pressurised water. They were sharply critical of the attempt by the authorities to reassure the public and of claims that no-one would be hurt.

At the moment the reactor is slowly cooling down. Sensors in federal government helicopters circling overhead have picked up persistent signs of radioactivity. State officials admitted that at least eight reactor workers had been exposed, and expressed some concern about radioactive iodine, which can accumulate through direct inhalation or through drinking contaminated milk. 'Fortunately,' the lieutenant-governor of Pennsylvania told the press, 'we don't believe the risk is significant because dairy cows are on stored feed at this time of year.'

This attitude may boomerang on officials. A year ago spokesmen for the power industry were saying that an accident like this could not happen here, and they dismissed as scare propaganda the new film, China Syndrome, which depicts a severe meltdown accident in a California reactor. Released a month ago, the film is playing to enormous audiences. As one White House official concluded, it is going to be 'very difficult' for the President to turn to nuclear reactors to save his energy policy now.

Meanwhile, in Britain . . .

Duncan Campbell adds: The Harrisburg incident is a discomforting reminder of the determination of the British nuclear industry to import the American PWR (Pressurised Water Reactor, as at Harrisburg) design to Britain. Their decade long campaign has so far been successfully resisted despite intense industry and civil service pressure.

Britain has not installed, or ordered, any PWRs, which are increasingly suspected of inherent safety defects. A decision to reject PWR in favour of an indigenous design was taken by Eric Varley in 1974. But that design, the SGHWR (Steam Generating Heavy Water Reactor) came to grief by 1977. The nuclear industry was not unduly sorrowful at its demise, and awaited a recasting of the decision by Varley's successor, Tony Benn. The PWR lobby sought not just the one or two orders then being considered, but also asked that the entire reactor ordering programme up to 1990 be committed to PWRs. Safety problems, they assured, had been resolved, and it was to be the design for the future, round the world. Moreover, the PWR lobby argued, the Shah of Iran might well buy his planned 'string of PWRs' from Britiain, if we played our cards right and got stuck into the PWR business. The lobby included the Energy Department's senior civil servants, as well as Sir Kenneth Berrill and the Think Tank, Sir Arnold Weinstock and the UK Atomic Energy Authority. Their less-than-accurate advice was not taken however; Benn ordered only two reactors, both to be British designed AGRs (Advanced Gas Cooled reactors), although a new 'study' of PWR was to be undertaken. The industry has not given up however; as recently as December a new PWR consortium was formed, RNC (Nuclear) Ltd, led by Sir Kenneth Keith and Rolls-Royce.

The nuclear lobby's attitude to the Harrisburg disaster has yet to be fully crafted. But it is worth noting that the chairman of the UKAEA, Sir John Hill, has yet to apologise to the exiled Russian biochemist Dr Zhores Medvedev, for dismissing his account of the 1957 Urals nuclear accident as 'rubbish', 'science fiction,' and a 'figment of the imagination'. Not only has Medvedev's account been borne out by the disclosure of CIA records and the interviewing of other witnesses who have left the USSR, but Energy Secretary Tony Benn, in a speech earlier this year, revealed that '(the accident) was known at the time . . . I believe, to the Atomic Energy Authority . . . but I understand that the Cabinet was not informed'.

If his response to Medvedev's disclosure is a measure of Sir John's attention to inconvenient detail, we may find the Atomic Energy Authority's map does not show Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Narrow gauge finances

Christopher Hird writes: It is mainly the government who are to blame for the possibility that British Rail may have to increase their fares again this autumn by 10 per cent. The cash limits system which the government uses to control British Rail's spending effectively prevents BR from using past years' surpluses to fund this year's loss.

The main source of government finance for BR is the Public Service Obligation grant – negotiated each year with the government as the 'contract price' for providing the passenger rail service. For the sake of prudence BR chief Peter Parker agrees a PSO about 10 per cent below the cash limit. If BR keep below the PSO they can pocket 60 per cent of the saving. In past years they have managed to

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accumulate just under £30 million this way which, with the profits of the non-train business and various other items, gives BR reserves of £80 million. BR have not hung on to their surplus cash but have instead used it to reduce their borrowings: the cash limit rules do not allow a nationalised industry to draw on reserves to keep within the limit. If they did, BR almost certainly would have used this opportunity to cover this year's increased spending.

Spending will be higher because of the costs of the rail strike, bigger than expected wage settlements and cuts in government grants: in real terms the state aid to BR this year is the same as in 1976/77 and below that of 1974/75 and 1975/76. Spending in 1979 will easily break the £490 million PSO and be nudging the cash limit of £541 million. It already looks as though the government is going to relent on a £16 million cut slipped in between agreeing the PSO for 1979 and the cash limit for financial 1979/80.

Journalist arrested

Duncan Campbell writes: Charges under the Prevention of Terrorism Act have once again been brought to bear on a journalist in circumstances unrelated to terrorist offences. A reporter for the London magazine *Time Out* (and a contributor to the NEW STATESMAN), Ron McKay, has been charged with 'failing to complete a landing card' in the required manner. McKay had flown to Glasgow airport from Belfast, and was required, under Prevention of Terrorism regulations, to supply details of where he had stayed in Northern Ireland. Although he described his address with sufficient accuracy for it to be later identified, he was unable to supply an exact street address, and was therefore charged.

The triviality of the charge suggests that the police and Special Branch officers were taking advantage of a technicality for other reasons. McKay had just completed a series of interviews with Provisional IRA leaders which *Time Out* is publishing this week. His report, which he carried with him, included an explanation of how the Provisionals had mistakenly claimed responsibility for the Neave murder. He had been interviewing Provisional sources at the time of the explosion, and was told that although orders had not been given, the Provisional IRA leadership heard the news and assumed, mistakenly, that one of their units had acted ahead of time. Both Neave and 'another rightwinger', he was told, were on a target list. The sources also confirmed that the Provisionals were responsible for the murder of ambassador Sir Richard Sykes, and for the attempted assasination of the ambassador to NATO, Sir John Killick (a neighbour was killed instead).

As a result of his interviewing, McKay, a former BBC broadcaster, seems to have been under surveillance as he left Ireland. He has also now been threatened with a possible Official Secrets Act prosecution over the text of his intended follow-up article for publication next week. The article, which is being examined in London, concerns the Army's Ulster databank, which holds dossiers on more than one third of the Ulster population. It was largely based on openly available information.

Pollster's lament

Robert Worcester writes: Opinion polls get it wrong? Or is sloppy press reporting to blame? Look at the most recent example. Marplan conducted a poll last week, 29/30 March, in 100 marginal seats. *Weekend World* reported that the results of that poll pointed to a 15 per cent Tory lead at that time. So what do the press make of that? Most newspapers followed the *Sun* extravagently claiming: 'The Tories will win the general election with a 110-seat majority, according to a new opinion poll'. Only the *Express* and the *Mail* were reasonably precise, hedging their bets. The *Morning Star* ignored the poll completely.

Declaration of interest: Robert Worcester runs pollsters MORI.

Sorry about this

The editor writes: This week, with regret, we increase the price of the *New Statesman* by 5p to 35p. Every journalist loathes a price increase, but their are limits to what we can do in our own tiny anti-inflation campaign. We shall keep on trying to expand the range and depth of the *Statesman's* coverage, in order to make it worth the price.

POLITICS 1 | Not so clever Callaghan

TWO AND A HALF years ago, Peter Kellner and I wrote a medium-length political study of the Prime Minister. Its core was a study of his tenure in the 'three great offices of state' – Chancellor, Home Secretary and Foreign Secretary – and of his record as a party and trade union figure. There was also a chapter on his business association with Sir Julian Hodge. Our conclusions were that he did not have the makings of a good Prime Minister, that his reputation for steadiness under fire was undeserved and that his want of principle was directly related to his lack of skill as an alleged 'operator'.

The critics were pretty beastly, and obviously considered us too immature and naïvely radical to address such weighty questions. David Marquand in the NEW STATESMAN chided us by saying that, 'so far, at least, the omens are more favourable than I dared to hope when he was elected'. George Hutchinson in the *Spectator* accused us of 'judging (or rather pre-judging) a Prime Minister when he has scarcely settled in'. *Tribune* didn't like it, the *Guardian* was sniffy about it, the *Observer* almost took it personally. And Ian Mikardo, who protested at our 'irritating bitchiness', summed up the book very exactly when he complained:

> The picture of Callaghan which emerges is of a clever political operator who has no doctrinal convictions, and whose lack of convictions has caused him to fail in most of his objectives except that of self-advancement.

He should have written our blurb for us. What did we argue? Having shown how Callaghan's early career had been built on guessing which way the wind would blow, we studied his ministerial performance. As Chancellor of the Exchequer between 1964 and 1967 he made such a mess of the devaluation crisis that he contemplated retiring from politics altogether. As Home Secretary between 1967 and 1970 he bungled the crucial question of immigration legislation and applied the wrong mixture of force and conciliation in Northern Ireland – resulting in the hasty commitment of the British Army in 1969. Later, as Foreign Secretary between 1974 and 1976, he took direct responsibility for the Cyprus fiasco and shared the blame for the comic-opera defeat of the 'cod war'.

These were important policy failures and failures of principle as well (*The Times* described his Kenyan Asians Bill as 'probably the most shameful measure that Labour members have ever been asked by their whips to support'). But, and this was the point which seemed to upset people when we asserted it, they were all failures of nerve as well. Callaghan's claim to be unflappable, sturdy (if a little bovine) and reassuring was shown to be hollow in all these episodes. Lord Wigg's memoirs of the devaluation crisis say that 'Callaghan's lips quivered, his hand shook, he had no idea what had hit him . . . I remember vividly Callaghan mumbling, "we can't go on. We shall have to devalue".' Which, of course, they didn't, or not until too late.

Similarly, the abandonment of the treaty commitment to the Republic of Cyprus in 1974 was a result of being taken for a fast ride by Dr Kissinger and then realising too late what had happened. Callaghan's 'cool' simply evaporated when his threshold of competence had been passed. Of course we gave him the credit for things like staying in with as many people as possible at the same time; for episodes like his late centrist conversion on *In Place of Strife* and his many clever about-turns on the EEC. He would have undoubtedly made an excellent trade union leader, a pretty good Labour Party general secretary or a passable mayor of a medium-sized Mid-Western city. But as Prime Minister he has already been a flop on the same basis before.

The lack of principles of convictions has, of course, been apparent everywhere. But the desertion of his managerial skills has been even more striking. On every major issue, whether it be devolution or bargaining with 'friendly' trade unions; whether it be Ulster or the EEC, he has lost his manipulative touch. The method of playing matters by ear has simply lost its charm for most observers, though there were some lame compliments over the weekend on his 'cleverness' in 'avoiding' a controversial manifesto discussion.

As a man who 'loves the Labour Party and understands it', Callaghan has been conspicuous in failing to live up to his 'great lover' reputation. Conference ovations have diminished, local party activism is a new low, trade union relations with the Labour Party are distinctly strained at all levels and abstention is the nightmare of every Labour marginal candidate. 'This great movement of ours' has seldom before been so unenthusiastic about a leader – which would not matter so much if he did not profess to cherish its every wrinkle. The disillusion goes all the deeper because it is widely recognised that Callaghan's old tendency to panic was at work last autumn. In spite of excellent advice to the contrary, he would not go to the country at that time and instead elected to fight his way through a winter of discontent with no real policy on wage settlements, and with no programme, even on the famous percentage guidelines, except one which could be revised upward or downward as the need arose. For a man who set such great store by his relationship with the TUC, this has been an especially disabling blow.

The point of this short but unbearably self-satisfied account is to show that some concern with principle is not always naïve and unschooled and to suggest that a man who had failed at three major jobs is not likely to succeed at a fourth more vital one simply and solely because he is a 'moderate'.

Christopher Hitchens

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POLITICS 2
Economy

Jeremy Bray on the Tories' monetarist nightmare

The shabby tigers

Not the 'tygres of wrath' from Blake's The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. **More appropriately, from the same work: 'A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.'**

SPECULATING ON THE KIND of economic policy which would emerge from a Tory government is a matter of deciding which horse to back in Mrs Thatcher's wayward economic troika. Sir Keith Joseph makes me worry that he is going to burst a blood vessel in his enthusiasm for competitive free enterprise. By contrast the cautious and self-deprecatory Sir Geoffrey Howe would not indulge unruly passions of any sort. And Mr James Prior cultivates those moderate men in the trade unions.

Sir Keith is obsessed with tigers. First he has us dismounting, with difficulty, from the 'tiger' of inflation into 'an age of continence'! And then he has us breeding them: 'Our competitors abroad turn their entrepreneurs loose upon the world like sleek, well fed, but still hungry, tigers. Ours have been treated as anti-social self-seekers, inferior in morality and integrity.' A socially conscious, self-denying, morally superior tiger, sleek, well fed, but still hungry – that may be Sir Keith. But it is a bundle of contradictions as a political model.

With the election approaching, in the debate on incomes policy, Sir Geoffrey began to keep an eye open for the next U-turn. 'The debate should not acquire the characteristics of a religious war. The zeal of the convert is indeed more than usually out of place here if only because most of the participants have changed sides more than once.' While the Social Contract might stand condemned, it was time for him to claim credit for the idea of 'concerted action'.

Mr Prior could not manoeuvre so easily. He had stood out firmly against further legislation on trade unions last July, and at the height of the so-called secondary picketing of the lorry drivers' strike, his first press release on 12 January 1979 read: 'The next Conservative Government will re-affirm the existing law which should be upheld by everyone'. But to that he had to add an additional press release: 'Events of this week have shown that the issue of where pickets can operate and who can picket must be considered afresh'. By 5 February Sir Keith Joseph was insisting:

> Unless the present imbalance of union bargaining power was redressed it would be impossible to start the huge task of national recovery. Providing a sensible economic framework alone would not be enough. There were two other essential conditions: First, an appropriate framework of law for the trade unions; and second a wide understanding of economic realities.

(In trade unions, no tigers is good tigers.)

But the central theme that emerges is 'monetarism'. We can accept Sir Keith's definition: 'The policy of trying to move towards and then maintain a stable growth in money supply closely related to the probable growth in output capacity'. He has been even more explicit. In 1976 he said: 'We must reduce the annual rate of increase in money supply right down to about 3 per cent, over the next two to three years'. However, in 1977, *The Right Approach to the Economy,* co-authored by our troika and David Howell, was much less explicit, saying only: 'We shall aim to continue the gradual reduction in the rate of growth of money supply in line with firm monetary targets'. Even this Sir Geoffrey qualifies:

> But I fully accept, of course, the importance of moving in that direction at a pace which does not turn out to be self-defeating. Such progress will only be possible if one is at the same time changing the economic environment in such a way as to encourage and make possible a more dynamic performance on the supply side of the economy.

Not only is Sir Geoffrey prepared to consider these industrial influences on the speed of reduction of monetary targets, but he also has cover to provide for a hiccup in the rate of inflation and money supply. In 1978 he said that the 'distortions caused by the present (incomes) policy have to be unwound – and too many people want them to be unwound at once'. An incoming Tory government could for two years blame any increase in inflation or in the rate of increase of the money supply on the 'distortions' in pay left by Labour's policies. Indeed it could be argued that an incoming Tory government would in the short term be more accommodating on monetary targets than a continuing Labour government, saddled with responsibility for the record. What would happen in the longer term would depend on the evolution of the policy of the government under the pressures of office.

Sir Keith's definition of monetarism combines two statements. The first statement is that 'only money – cash and bank deposits – matters in determining money national income', or more weakly, 'money matters more than fiscal policy – taxes and expenditure – in determining money national income'. The second statement is: 'While money matters most, its relationship to national income is so uncertain, that the best course is to increase money supply at a constant rate'.

PUBLIC DEBATE HAS concentrated on how far Mr Callaghan and Mr Healey have stolen the Tories' clothes on monetarism. It has not asked what would be the consequences of monetarism under a Tory government. But first what justification is there for monetarism at all?

There is the technical debate which is highly mathematical, and the popular debate among journalists, bankers and politicians. In the popular debate monetarism offers a rationale in which bankers, journalists and politicians can talk about their preoccupations with public borrowing, interest rates and the exchange rates as closed system. It affects the rest of the economy – jobs, production, investment, exports, imports – but it is not affected by it. It gives the Treasury and the Bank of England little rules of thumb for pulling the levers to the plaudits of the City, while washing their hands of responsibility or even influence on the rest of the economy.

In the technical debate, among economists who can read and have read the technical literature, not one economist in ten would describe himself as a monetarist, in this country, in the United States, or in any other country. First the proposition that money matters more than fiscal policy does not stand up to examination. Second, even if it did, that would call for a discretionary policy, not fixed rules, on money supply. The case for fixed rules rests on the political argument that governments cannot be relied on to base discretionary policies on anything but their short term political interests. Also within the narrow field of the monetary system itself, fixed rules for the money supply conveniently close the system to outside considerations, which suits blinkered short term views in the City.

Our troika have not read the technical literature, and would not understand it if they tried. Sir Geoffrey Howe is right in paying tribute to the skills of Tory back benchers on Finance Bill Committees. As he said:

> The Conservative team has consisted almost exclusively of tax lawyers, accountants, financial experts and people with business experience. It has been well led by Margaret Thatcher, John Nott and David Howell. . . . But the harsh judgement remains. This is a crude way in which to proceed and leads to even hastier consideration of possible remedies to problems which have been raised.

There is not one member of the tory front bench team (Terence Higgins is on the back benches) who shows any signs of having read or being able to understand the technical debate on monetarism. Because the technical debate does not suit the Tories, it is the easiest thing in the world for them to pour scorn on economists in general. Maybe they deserve it.

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But that will not make the economy behave in accordance with monetarist theories.

As events further discredit monetarism, and the balance of the technical debate at last filters through into the popular debate, Britain will abandon monetarism. Certainly the Tories have no more fundamental an interest in monetarism than they have in any other theory. They are too pragmatic. But what damage would they do in the meantime?

There is no mistaking the extremity of Tory monetarism. When Sir Keith Joseph proclaims that 'monetarism is not enough', it is not to qualify its rigidity. He says:

> Let me emphasise: to say that monetarism is not enough, is not in any sense to retreat from monetarism. On the contrary, it is to advance from monetarism.

Even Sir Geoffrey Howe, when he acknowledged the relevance of industrial as well as monetary developments, it was in the context of a rebuke to the Governor of the Bank of England for not making a sufficiently 'precise commitment to a long-term de-escalation in the rate of growth of money supply'.

A precise commitment such as the Tories seek, is only possible if the money supply is seen solely as an instrument, and not even partly as the result, of economic policy. Furthermore it has to be the dominant instrument overruling other instruments and measures of the state of the economy.

SO UNBALANCED A VIEW can only have one result. It will increase the distortions and imbalance of the economy. If the Tories had no other predilections there would be no telling how that increasing imbalance would manifest itself. It could be in increasing unemployment. It could be in a massive increase in taxation, public expenditure, and employment in the public sector. Or it could be in a yet more rapid deterioration of the non-oil current balance of payments.

But the Tories have clear predilections. They want to reduce taxation. They want to free capital movements overseas. And all this while de-escalating the growth in the money supply. So they would cut public expenditure and employment in the public sector. In the balance between keeping interest rates high enough to prevent a capital outflow, and low enough to prevent an inflow increasing the money supply, the latter follows their 'precise commitment' on the money supply, and so would probably win at some times; at others the pound will tend to fall and inflation rise.

The precise and overruling commitment on the money supply will so increase the instability and uncertainty of the economy that business confidence will be destroyed, and there will be none of the compensating revival of the private sector on which the Tories are counting. So unemployment is likely to increase. The free for all and confrontations that will follow from Tory policies (even if they do not seek them) are not likely to reduce inflation more than incomes policies.

POLITICS 3
Votes and polls

If the Tories win, do they represent Britain?

Class, geography and the election

THE TWO main tables on the facing page sum up the formidable problems which face Britain's chief political parties at the outset of the 1979 election campaign. Briefly, Labour is in danger of losing its claim to be the party which represents the workers: the Tories are in danger of losing their claim to represent the nation. Neither trend is yet irreversible, but if neither of the two parties effect a reversal, the legitimacy of our traditional system of politics will inevitably be called in question.

To take Labour first: the figures are compiled by aggregating opinion-poll data from 1964 up to spring this year (see attribution below). Taking the period as a whole, we find a pronounced national swing against Labour. That need not be in itself alarming – at least on a long-term view. But what ought to alarm Transport House is the way that the swing breaks down. It is, for instance, more pronounced among trade-union members than it is among the electorate as a whole. In 1964, Labour led by more than two-to-one among trade-unionists. By spring of this year, that lead had been very nearly eliminated, as the result of a steady and consistent movement. (When the electorate is broken-down into groups, the sub-samples inevitably become smaller and less reliable. But for all that, the trends remain sufficiently recognisable).

Move then to social class: the combination of AB and C1 takes in the professional and managerial occupations, and white-collar employees, which is effectively the middle-class. Of course, middle-class voters are never predominantly Labour (indeed, the top end of our class spectrum is unusually right-wing by European standards – see *Britain's brain-washed bourgeoisie*, NS 23 March). But there is usually a substantial Labour minority among the middle-class, which is essential to a Labour victory. And this has remained strikingly loyal during the Wilson-Callaghan years: the swing against Labour among middle-class voters is substantially less than it is in the electorate as a whole.

Again, this is a perfectly steady trend through the years. It is interesting, perhaps ironic, that the rhetoric of 'moderation' in the debate on Labour policy has usually been concerned with the risk of alienating middle-class voters. It is, of course, true that Labour cannot do without such support. But the record does not suggest that Labour has yet been in any serious danger of losing it.

There is a very different picture among C2 voters: that is, skilled manual workers and foremen. Both here and in social class DE, which includes semi-skilled and unskilled workers, there is a swing against Labour which is much more pronounced than the movement in the whole electorate.

Not that the pattern is the same for these two different sections of the working-class. The evidence suggests that the movement among skilled workers is well-established in time, and recently the swing has become somewhat more severe. Between last autumn and this spring, Labour's 49/41 lead over the Tories among C2 voters weakened further to 43/47; a swing of six per cent against Labour. Over the same period, there was a much more violent anti-Labour shift among DE voters – the unskilled and semi-skilled. There, a 58/32 Labour lead changed to 47/43, making a swing of 11 per cent. But previously to that, Labour's support among DE voters had been holding up reasonably well, and opinion-polls taken more recently than those in our tables suggest that the movement has been reversed, as very sharp movements often are.

It is a reasonable speculation that unskilled and semi-skilled workers and their families were reacting to the miseries and inconveniences of the winter's industrial strife – not the least of those miseries, perhaps, being the considerable abuse to which some Labour leaders subjected the unions that contain large numbers of unskilled workers.

Not that an attitude of support for trade-unionism right or wrong would be likely to help Labour with either sector of the working-class. In August 1977 a poll of trade-union members produced this set of responses:

	Agree %	Disagree %
Unions have too much power in Britain today	**68**	**27**
Unions are mostly controlled by a few extremists	**58**	**33**
The closed shop is a threat to individual liberty	**66**	**26**
The Labour Party should not be so closely linked to the unions	**57**	**34**

Yet these attitudes co-exist with a steady growth in trade-union membership, and a steady growth in the size and vigour of the shop-stewards' movement. There is, of course, nothing really paradoxical about workers feeling a strong desire to belong to trade-unions in a period of extreme economic danger, and feeling at the same time considerable unhappiness about the way these vitally-necessary bodies happen to be organised. In a more recent poll there was virtually unanimous support among trade-unionists for the introduction of secret ballots. And there was at the same time overwhelming support for exposing all union officers to frequent re-election – which would surely trim the authority of many of the 'strong' union officials favoured by right-wing theorists. (The democratisation of NUPE, for instance, has made the union *more* militant.)

It is reasonable to suppose that traditional Labour voters have made an intelligent and cynical appraisal of Labour's relationship with the union movement. This would suggest that the Callaghan leadership rode to power through an uncritical alliance with established unionism, which was sold in turn to the national electorate as the famous 'special relationship': a relationship which has produced little tangible benefit for workers themselves, but has rather been used to damp-down wages in order that the goals of financial orthodoxy may be pursued. Skilled workers, naturally, would be the more comprehensively embit-

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Labour's middle class is loyal but the workers are deserting

ELECTORAL GROUPINGS		October 1964 Lab	October 1964 Con	October 1974 Lab	October 1974 Con	Feb/March 1978 Lab	Feb/March 1978 Con	September 1978 Lab	September 1978 Con	Feb/March 1979 Lab	Feb/March 1979 Con	SWING TO THE TORIES since 1964	SWING TO THE TORIES since 1974
%	All voters	45	43	40	36	42	46	44	48	37	53	9	10
	Men	48	40	43	32	45	43	45	45	40	51	10	10
	Women	42	46	38	39	40	48	42	49	34	55	12	11
	Union members	62	28	55	23	54	36	56	32	50	40	12	11
	Social class ABC1	19	66	19	55	27	60	24	67	23	68	1	4
	C2	54	34	49	26	48	40	49	41	43	47	12	14
	DE	59	31	57	22	54	34	58	32	47	43	12	15

tered – suffering all of the penalties which our curious tax system inflicts on earned incomes, without enjoying either the large reliefs available to the middle-class, or the rather chancy items of income-maintenance which do reach the families of some unskilled workers.

MUCH TORY RHETORIC has been devoted over the years to portraying themselves as the party of the whole nation. And a glance at the table shows that in the 1950s this was a credible enough claim. There was no major imbalance between the northern and southern strength of Macmillan's Tories. But unless there is a radical change of trend in this election, the same claim made today would be an obvious geographical sham.

The first three columns give actual election results, and the final column projects the same trend into a reasonable scenario for a very narrow Tory win in May. (There is a sensible case in this context for leaving out the big-turnround years of 1966 and 1970.) Within the north of England there are volatile areas, such as Lancashire, where the fall of the electoral boundaries means that with a larger swing the Tories could pick up seats readily. But the pattern, nonetheless is one in which the Conservatives are finding a steady tide setting against them outside the south-east: and this, rather obviously, is the same socio-economic tide which has concentrated – relatively – more and more of Britain's poverty and deprivation in the old industrial periphery, and more and more of the new wealth which has been generated into the south-east. Within that, the Inner London figures illustrate a further detail of the trend: having abandoned the city-centres, the Tories are becoming a party of the suburbs. It means, for what that is worth, that no matter how much Labour's leadership mismanages its affairs, there are fortresses within which large sections of the party are immune from danger. Whether that is a healthy pattern for British democracy is rather another matter.

The third table merely collates the result of opinion-poll findings up to this week's publication. Even discounting the freakish ORC-ITN result which gave an 18% Tory lead, there is no real sign yet of the Tories falling below the 6% lead which will make a real race of the matter – although the last MORI poll, post-Edge Hill, shows a Liberal surge which might throw a lot of calculations out. Finally, a table which lends support to the view of Tory election manager Lord Poole that miracles rarely happen in election campaigns.

All poll figures are Britain excluding Ulster. In the aggregated table, 1964 are from NOP, 1974 from Harris and spring 1978 from Gallup; the remainder from MORI. Election results are for all UK. In the current poll figures don't-knows are omitted.

Northern Tories: an endangered species

NORTHERN BRITAIN		1950	1964	October 1974	1979?
Scotland	Con	32	24	16	20
	Lab	37	43	41	41
N. England	Con	61	53	44	54
	Lab	107	114	117	108
Ulster	Con	10	12	0	0
	Lab	0	0	0	0
TOTAL	Con	103	89	60	74
	Lab	144	157	158	149

SOUTHERN BRITAIN		1950	October 1964	1974	1979?
Inner London	Con	12	10	6	8
	Lab	31	32	29	27
S. England & Home Counties	Con	144	157	163	181
	Lab	54	46	51	35
Midlands	Con	35	42	40	46
	Lab	59	54	58	52
Wales	Con	4	6	8	9
	Lab	27	28	23	22
TOTAL	Con	195	215	217	246
	Lab	171	160	161	136
U.K. TOTALS	Con	298	304	277	320
	Lab	315	317	319	285

The Tories are still well ahead

Poll & publication date	Sample	Fieldwork date	Con	Lab	Lib	Con lead
6 Feb. MORI, D. Express	1030	1 Feb	55	36	6	+19
15 Feb. Gallup, D. Telegraph	998	7-12 Feb	53	33	11	+20
4 March. MORI, D. Express	1041	2 April	51	38	10	+13
9 March. MORI, D. Express	1085	3-5 March	52	39	7	+13
15 March. Gallup, D. Telegraph	985	7-12 March	51½	37	8½	+14½
30 March. Gallup, D. Telegraph	894	21-27 March	47½	40½	9	+7
29 March. ORC, ITN	1050	27-28 March	53	35	8	+18
29 March. MORI, Thames TV	1075	29 March	51	42	5	+9

Do campaigns affect election results?

	1964	1966	1970	Feb 1974	Oct 1974
LABOUR					
Polls when campaign began	45.4	51.9	48.0	40.8	40.0
Result	44.8	48.7	43.8	38.0	40.2
Change during campaign	−0.6	−3.2	−4.2	−2.8	+0.2
TORY					
Polls when campaign began	46.0	41.0	44.3	44.1	34.0
Result	42.9	41.4	46.2	38.8	36.7
Change during campaign	−3.1	+0.4	+1.9	−5.3	+2.7

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POLITICS 4
Economy

British industry needs saving from international competition

Devaluation or Import Control?

With the value of the pound on foreign exchange markets rising almost daily, British exporters' problems increase and the process of de-industrialisation accelerates. One school of thought argues that the government should embark upon a policy of planned devaluation (NS 16 March 1979). Here Professor Wilfred Beckerman, who in these columns earlier this year declared his conversion to import controls, reviews the current state of the debate.

EVEN if inflation is brought under control, a continuation of Britain's present adverse trends in manufacturing trade will still bring industrial stagnation, mounting unemployment and social upheaval. The major obstacles to the introduction of import controls to deal with this trend are an obstinacy in sticking to erroneous positions; muddled thinking enshrined in vague positions such as 'Britain depends on trade' and, above all, a failure to recognise the seriousness of our position.

As regards the latter the recent Fabian pamphlet, *A De-industrialised Britain*, by Tom Sheriff surveys many of the key facts, such as the fall in the excess of exports of manufactures over imports of manufactures from about £6 billion in 1970 to only about £1 billion in 1977. Given foreseeable trends in this trade and the limits on the extent to which compensation can be expected from, say, invisible exports, there is no doubt that British manufacturing will be unable – in the words of Ajit Singh, one of the members of the C.E.P.G. (the Cambridge Economic Policy Group), to '... sell enough of its products abroad to pay for the nation's import requirements ... at socially acceptable levels of output, employment and the exchange rate'.

Sheriff's pamphlet, together with an earlier paper produced in collaboration, also highlights the degree of import penetration over the last 15 years.[1] However, I do not intend here to go over the ground about the seriousness of our long-term economic prospects. Anyone who likes horror stories can easily check this for themselves. The issue which I shall try to summarise is what to do about it. There are two main candidates: devaluation, or import controls. There are two main kinds of objections to the devaluation strategy. First, it won't work. Secondly, even if one believed it would work, it is not easy to see how it could be implemented in present conditions.

As regards the former, there are two main reasons why it is unlikely to make any lasting contribution to our manufacturing competitiveness. First, there is substantial evidence for the view that, *in the short run*, international trade is not very sensitive to changes in relative prices. As a result, the initial impact of a devaluation is to worsen the trade balance since the rise in import values is not matched quickly enough by a sufficient rise in export volumes to offset the fall in export prices. This is the so-called 'J-effect'.

In the longer run, the reactions of buying patterns to relative price changes can be expected to be greater. But, meanwhile, this can be offset by other developments, notably the rise in domestic wages and prices. The conclusion that this is likely to happen – which is also confirmed by statistical studies – can be reached by various routes. For example, one could take account of the likely pressure to maintain real wages in the face of the rise in import prices – i.e. for wage earners to refuse to accept the cut in relative real wages which is the whole object of a devaluation and which would be necessary in order to accommodate the worsening of the terms of trade that a devaluation would entail.

A crucial difference between devaluation and import controls is that, other things being equal, the former makes the terms of trade worse and the latter makes them better. This makes all the difference to the feasibility of ensuring that the policies are not offset by faster increases in domestic wages in an attempt, by wage earners, to resist a cut in their real wages. The same conclusion – that devaluation can only bring temporary benefits – can also be reached along the lines of certain monetarist arguments, but this is not the place to spell them out.

Furthermore, there is increasing evidence, anyway, that non-price factors (quality, delivery dates, reliability, degree of technical sophistication and so on) are more important in determining trade patterns than the simple price mechanism/devaluation school of thought realised. In fact, there is reason to believe that these factors have been working against us for some time.

For example, one indicator of our potential competitiveness in international trade is the movement in our labour costs per unit of output relative to that of our competitors. These show quite a large improvement over the last 15 years, with much of it over the last seven years.[2] Yet this has not prevented import penetration of manufactures in Britain and the loss of our shares in overseas markets for manufacturers proceeding faster than the corresponding trends in other similar advanced economies. In short one is forced to conclude that, even if trade were more responsive to relative price changes than most estimates suggest (and a recent Treasury paper by Hibberd and Wren-Lewis is more optimistic on this point), there are some powerful residual trends working against us, which means that, in order to offset them, any devaluations would have to be large and frequent.

This leads to the second main argument mentioned above, namely whether such a policy of large and frequent devaluations is feasible. The answer, in present conditions, is surely 'No', quite apart from the difficulty of making it 'stick' in the sense that it leads to a significant fall in relative real wages. For how can we bring about the fall in the exchange rate to begin with, when we are flush with the proceeds of North Sea oil, without resorting to some domestic consumption-led expansion of demand (there is little point in trying to expand investment otherwise in current conditions of large unused capacity) and without setting off heavy speculation against the pound in the wake of what financial markets would regard as 'irresponsible' fiscal and monetary policies, accompanied by the 'J-curve' adverse short-run effects mentioned above?

If devaluation is no cure, therefore, we seem to have no choice but to resort to import controls, as the C.E.P.G. argue (and as, of course, other economists, notably Lord Balogh, have been arguing for many years before). Of course, import controls have their snags: none of the objections raised so far, however, seems to be overwhelming. For example, the argument that import controls would be as inflationary as devaluation is refuted by the C.E.P.G. on the grounds that the additional revenue accruing to the Treasury (whether the restrictions took the form of higher tariffs on manufactures, or the auctioning of import licences or of the corresponding foreign exchange) could be rebated, in the form of lower indirect taxes, thereby reducing the overall price level by roughly as much as the controls would otherwise have raised prices.

Nor does the retaliation argument hold water. For, as the C.E.P.G. point out – and as I explained in my original NS article – their proposals should, in fact, increase world trade, not lower it, although it cannot be guaranteed that no countries at all will lose. The crucial point of the C.E.P.G.'s proposals that is frequently overlooked is that they are designed to raise domestic output and employment here, not to achieve a better balance of payments, which is not threatened in the medium run anyway (in the absence of renewed inflation). In any case, if we take measures to expand demand in order to leave the foreign balance more or less unchanged there is no reason for other countries to retaliate any more than if we devalued in order to achieve the same outcome.

Nor should one be deterred by the argument that if the controls are to be temporary they are unlikely to generate the required response by British firms, who will still not carry out the investment and innovation needed to improve our longer run position. There is little doubt that the policy would have to be kept in operation for several years, during which time other interventionist policies – which only a Socialist government could be expected to implement – to rejuvenate British industry would have to be implemented.

Some publicity seems to have been given to the fact that, in advocating import controls, I also publicly confessed my past mistakes on this matter. Whether or not confession is good for my own soul, it is to be hoped that it may, at least, have set a good example to others.

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[1] *De-industrialisation in the UK: Background Statistics*, by C. J. F. Brown and T. Sheriff, NIESR Discussion paper No 23, 1978. Many of the relevant statistics were also given in their contribution to the NIESR volume edited by Frank Blackaby, *De-industrialisation* (London, 1979).

[2] Treasury Information Division, *Economic Progress Report*, No 95, Feb. 1978, and Ajit Singh 'U.K. industry and the world economy: a case of de-industrialisation', *Cambridge Journal of Economics*, 1977, No 1.

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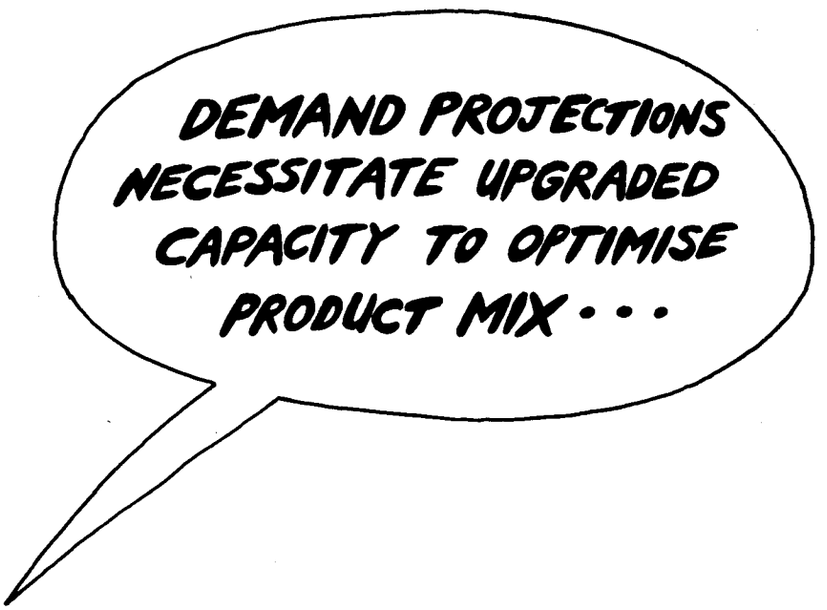

"Eh?"

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Business may sometimes feel that the public doesn't *want* to understand. But if we won't speak out clearly, perhaps we only have ourselves to blame: tight-lipped corporate paranoia breeds suspicion. A great many people *do* want to understand what business is up to — if only it will stand up and explain itself.

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We'll be talking about the cost of environmental protection and energy conservation; is industry spending as much as it should?

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Distorting the news

MORE THAN HALF the British electorate rely on television for their main supply of news*. Most believe they are receiving accurately reported information, unadulterated by political opinion. The BBC and the IBA are both proud of their 'objectivity'.

In fact, viewers are the victims of a massive confidence trick. Television news is neither balanced nor objective, but is consistently distorted. Glasgow University's Mass Media Unit, who have conducted the only detailed research into television news in Britain, carried out a special study for the NEW STATESMAN in February and March. Their findings are reported here, with material from their forthcoming book *More Bad News*.

Where there is a pretence of objectivity, we are liable to be seriously misled. That is why television news is especially insidious. Greg Philo examines the assumptions behind television's economic coverage. John Eldridge and Lillian Weir analyse the reporting of one dispute.

**Main source of news for adults aged 18 and over: BBC TV, 28%; ITN, 27%; Radio, 14%; Newspapers, 28%; Undecided, 4% (BBC Audience Research, 1970).*

BOTH THE BBC and the IBA claim that they are independent from the state. But are they? When television journalists want to know something important about the economy or industry, it seems natural to them that they should ask an 'important person': a senior civil servant would fit the bill, or a government minister. Other sources are regarded as less important, and are not referred to with anything like the same regularity. When they are, their views are not granted the same status. This has been a critical factor in the development of television news as a mouthpiece of one section of opinion.

There are other factors, too – such as the BBC's historical sense of affinity with the government and the state in times of crisis. The confidential minutes of a meeting of the BBC's Senior Policy Committee, held in January 1976, were leaked to the *Leveller* last year: they revealed that Desmond Taylor, then editor of news and current affairs, had declared that 'at the present juncture, stories about this country's currency needed careful handling'. The minutes noted that Taylor

> was inclined for the first time in his career to suggest that they should always be checked first with the Treasury. It would be wrong in the present circumstances to put out a major news story of which the government had no warning.

Taylor was restating a position first established by Lord Reith in 1926: 'Assuming the BBC is for the people and that the government is for the people,' declared Reith, 'it follows that the BBC must be for the government in this crisis too.'

Even when there is no crisis, the alliance persists. There are widely differing views about the causes of Britain's economic crisis, but the television news has doggedly pursued the theme that wages are the *central* problem. Between January and April 1975, taking all channels' news programmes together, statements that wages were the main cause of inflation outnumbered statements rejecting that position by nearly *eight to one*.

When state agencies, such as the Bank of England or the Price Commission, produce information on the economy, their viewpoint is treated by television journalists with the reverence of Moses receiving the tablets. On 29 April 1975, for example, ITN announced the latest report from the Price Commission. This argued, according to *News at Ten*, that price increases were now 'almost entirely' caused by wage costs. However, careful reading of the relevant three pages of the report barely supports this rash claim. Having examined 500 price increases, the Commission found that the proportion of a price increase attributable to increased labour costs was only 20 per cent of the total. (This represented a

decline on the preceding quarter.) The Commission then revised this figure upwards by a series of rough estimates. First, it removed the effects of rising oil prices from the calculations so that increased labour costs accounted for 30 per cent of a price increase. Second, it argued that 'indirect wages' had to be taken into account – i.e. the wages included in the prices of supplies:

> Labour costs directly incurred represent about 25 per cent of total costs on the basis notified to the Commission. The remaining 75 per cent represents materials, fuel, rates, interest charges, etc. If we now assume that import prices and true non-labour costs are stable but that labour costs increase uniformly by 20 per cent ... then ... on the assumption made, the whole of the (cost) increase ... is a labour cost increase. Whilst these figures are illustrative, they do indicate the approximate orders of magnitude. To arrive at the true contribution of labour cost increases to price increases we need to multiply the figure for labour cost increases shown in the notifications to the Commission by something like 2 to 2½ times.

The figures finally reached by this line of reasoning accounted for the ITN report. And on the same day the BBC reported that 'between 60 and 75 pence in the pound' of price increases now arose from wages. Quite apart from the fact that the Price Commission's argument is tautologous, it is an elementary mathematical error to multiply a percentage by a fixed amount. (If the amount to multiply by had been 'three and a half', the BBC would presumably have concluded that 105 per cent of all price increases now came from wages!)

The Price Commission report was quite widely attacked from left and right. The *Daily Telegraph* in an editorial the next day argued from a monetarist perspective that inflation could not be analysed in this fashion. The *Morning Star* pointed to the 'dubious arithmetic and reasoning'. But the television news did not occupy the middle ground in this dispute. Both BBC and ITN took the side of the government and the Price Commission. Nor was this a case of the television news merely reflecting the contents of a government report. Both channels gave a highly selective account of it and used its figures to lay the maximum possible blame on wages. At no point in the news bulletins of any of the three channels were we, the viewers, told that the direct effect of wages on prices was only 20 per cent. At no point were we told how the guessed-at higher figure had been reached.

For the government, the Price Commission's report appeared at a sensitive moment – just after the first of Denis Healey's severely deflationary budgets. It was predicted at the time (though not on the television news) that the effect of the budget would be to lower real income and greatly increase unemployment. The official justification was that 'high' wages had caused an inflationary crisis, making strict budget measures 'necessary'. So the impact of wages on prices was extremely contentious.

Having established the 'cause' of the problem, ITN then listed the 'culprits'. Arguing directly from the point of view of the Price Commission, *News at Ten* (29.4.75) pointed the finger of blame at the appropriate unions:

> Well the sort of wage rises the Commission is thinking about are those in the 30 per cent bracket and today there came another: the 11,000 London dockers who were on strike for five weeks just a while ago were today offered and accepted a pay deal which averages out at well over 30 per cent – on the face of it, well outside the social contract guidelines. Tonight too a new threat from the electricity power engineers to strike in support of a 33 per cent pay claim.

Other 'culprits' – such as speculation in land and property, which has pushed up house prices dramatically – are not listed in this fashion; nor do they receive the same routine examination as do wages.

ANALYSIS OF WHAT IS 'inside' and what is 'outside' the pay guidelines has become another regular feature of news coverage – and this, too, is carried out from the point of view of government and 'official' state sources. The viewpoint is not shared by many members of the Labour party; it has been severely criticised by the Conservatives and opposed by some sections of the trade union movement. Nevertheless, the television news has continued to be centred on how successfully the government is holding down wages.

In 1975, the 'social contract' was supposed to keep living standards at a constant level. However, news analysis of the 'breaking' of the social contract related exclusively to wage agreements which were alleged to have 'broken' it by being too 'high'. There was no

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criticism of the many agreements which failed to keep up with price rises, thereby effectively cutting the wages of workers who had accepted them. These were simply referred to as being 'inside' the social contract. Nothing was seen to be 'broken' here.

The 'dangers' to the economy and the 'inflationary' effects of trade union activity were defined in terms set by the government. Each new media event, such as a budget, a miners' pay claim or a new set of economic figures, was prefixed by the appropriate dire warning. On 19 March 1975, the BBC reported a 'stern warning' from Denis Healey 'on the effect of wage increases on inflation':

> The Chancellor told a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party this morning that to ignore current wage rises was irresponsible lunacy. At the same time official figures were published showing that wages are now about 29 per cent higher than a year ago while prices have risen by 10 per cent less. (*BBC, 17.45*).

There is some doubt whether in real terms wages *were* ahead, since the Department of Employment figures used here did not account for factors such as tax deductions. However, all through this period wages and prices were compared with the single message that high wage increases were producing inflation. They were shown in the same graphs and were consistently used in the discussion of pay awards. On 16 April 1975, an ITN newscaster interviewed Ray Buckton, General Secretary of ASLEF, the train drivers' union, for the one o'clock news, asking 'Can we look at your claim you've already got in?'

> 'You see, I mean, you said to one of my colleagues not so long ago on this programme, that this claim was likely then – this was in February – to be in the range of 25 to 30 per cent; now, you see, that is already between five and 10 per cent more than the rise in prices and it's just this excessive demand above the price rise that Mr Healey was saying was endangering our whole national economy.

In subsequent years it became impossible to sustain this impression of wages soaring above prices. Living standards began to fall quite dramatically in many employment sectors – and an analysis of the last four years demonstrates this, even if wages are taken in *gross* terms. In real terms, living standards fell between January 1975 and January 1977 by approximately 10 per cent. It is extraordinary, then, to look at the way the television news covers wages and prices today.

IN FEBRUARY THIS YEAR, the official figures on wage and price levels were still being reported, but *separately*. For example, the BBC reported on 14 February 1979, that the latest figures from the Department of Employment meant that most settlements were 'around 10 per cent'. Two days later, the same programme (BBC1's nine o'clock news) carried a report on prices which said that 'inflation could be back in double figures by early summer'. The BBC did *not* report that for the low-paid, the inflation rate would be even higher than the official figure suggested, since the cost of basic essentials such as food tends to rise faster than the general level of prices. Nor did the BBC point out that by the time tax was paid on the new wage settlements, living standards would continue to remain low and would probably fall for some groups. Direct comparisons of wage and price levels were now significantly absent.

If such comparisons *had* been broadcast, they would have shown that wage increases at the time were, on average, barely ahead of prices. Far from there being any 'wage explosion', these settlements had no hope of recovering even the real income levels of 1975. There are no headlines to announce that fact, nor any which link the 'official' figures which would show the fall in real income since 1975, to the growing industrial unrest. The television news deploys official information to criticise the trade unions for their alleged effects on the economy and on government policy. But the same figures are not used to draw conclusions which might be damaging to government policy, or which might question its economic logic or validity.

Though the precise content of the news has changed in the last four years, the organising principle has remained the same. The news is still presented from the point of view of the government's pay policy: Good News is measured in terms of how well this is doing. Instead of comparing wages with prices, the BBC on 14 February 1979 compared them with earnings in the preceding phase of the pay policy.

ITN's *News at Ten* the same day reported the new earnings figures as follows:

> The authorities were happy to announce two bits of economic news today. First, Britain made a profit of a million pounds last month; they'd thought the balance of payments might be much worse because of the lorry drivers' strike — but it wasn't. And second, the official figure for earnings is that in the five months until the end of December – that's the first five months of stage four – they rose by just 3.4 per cent. That included the Ford settlement, but the total of workers settling was only a million.

Only a million? With such a small number, apparently, ITN could not find any of them to see if they were as 'happy' with the figures as the authorities were. Two days later ITN juxtaposed their report on retail price increases with the current NUPE pay claim:

> . . . the government will be able to say that the increases in basic rates which the unions are resigned to have been kept to a strict nine per cent – and that amounts to a significant morale booster in the battle against inflation.

This assumes not only a direct link between wages and prices as the source of inflation, but also that the battle to be fought is against wages, rather than (for example) against unemployment. And for whom are these figures supposed to be a 'morale booster'? Many economists believe that allowing wages to fall in real terms must produce high rates of unemployment. There is no single analysis which everyone accepts. The *Financial Times* noted recently (8.2.79) that while some experts suggested higher wages would produce real growth, others argued almost exactly the reverse.

IT IS ONLY because the BBC and ITN argue consistently from *one* point of view that they are able to use concepts such as 'wage inflation' and its 'dangers' quite uncritically, and to express 'hopes' and 'fears' from within partial and limited assumptions. What is reasonable and what is 'excessive' is determined from within the same limits. An interview with the Prime Minister on BBC1's nine o'clock news (8.3.79) was introduced with these words:

> Mr Callaghan has been concentrating a lot this week on the government's stand against excessive pay claims.

It would be difficult to imagine such an uncritical reference to trade union policies – for instance that they had been 'concentrating a lot on getting a living wage for their members'.

On *News at Ten* the same day, Mr Callaghan was reported in the headlines as saying: 'There's no more money'. In the interview itself, which was shown on both channels, he commented: 'You can't get more money out of the bank than there is in it'. The interview was reported in conjunction with the government's decision to restrict credit by putting up interest rates. An ITN reporter underlined the whole message by declaring that the decision 'reinforces the government's determination to stand firm in the face of mounting pay claims. Mr Callaghan won't print what he calls "confetti money" to finance these claims.'

At no point in this coverage are any of the government's economic assumptions challenged. In the interview, there are no interruptions, nor were any questions put to Mr Callaghan on the news programmes of either channel. He gives his message unchallenged, direct to camera. Yet within the current political and economic spectrum, a wide range of critiques are available. On the same day as this interview, the *Financial Times* argued that the government's pay policy was a series of 'ad hoc' 'stop gaps', with each year's limit having no special coherence.

Just three days earlier, on 5 February 1979, the *Financial Times* had attacked the very calculations which were being used to relate wage increases to inflation and unemployment. Using a CBI calculation, it argued that a five per cent increase in average earnings would have a negligible effect on the economy, since the increased tax revenue would leave the government's borrowing requirement unchanged. This casts some doubt on the theory (embraced by the television news) that the government would have to print 'confetti money'.

While there is no sustained commentary or critique on the television news of the 'official' figures or of the views of the 'authorities', there are severely critical analyses of calculations and claims made by other groups, such as trade unions:

> The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Healey, has warned again of excessive wage increases as the miners start negotiating on their claim for up to 43 per cent. Mr. Healey said in London tonight that Britain could be bankrupt if the national wage bill were too high this year – but it needn't happen if the workers stuck strictly to the social contract. During the day the Coal Board twice increased their offer to the miners, mainly the benefit of those working underground.
> (*BBC1 Nine o'clock news, 11 February 1975*)

Perhaps there is a fear – felt by the BBC and the IBA alike – of offending the powerful. 'A million workers' can be dismissed without worrying about the consequences, but the Cabinet, the Bank of England and the Treasury are altogether more immediate and potent forces. As Professor Tom Burns recently remarked: 'Broadcast journalism, it seems, has become not so much a new priesthood as a new constabulary'.

When *will* the television news subject the 'authorities' to any form of critical journalism? So far, the close historical relationship of the BBC to the state, plus the routine assumptions of journalists about who is 'important' and what is an 'authoritative' source, have prevented this.

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Lop-sided view of a Leyland dispute

'THE PROBLEMS OF British Leyland', have come to be defined on the television news as the difficulty of preventing workers taking part in 'avoidable stoppages'. This was first demonstrated in a study carried out in 1975*. Quite what effect the continuing focus has had on viewers is hard to ascertain. But when one sees banners at a Wembley Cup Final proclaiming 'Mike Channon strikes quicker than British Leyland', it suggests that something is happening at the level of popular consciousness.

The same study showed that nearly 40 per cent of reports on industry were related to strikes. So it was no surprise to find that when British Leyland cropped up in the news again in February 1979, the topic was again a strike.

On 7 February, workers at the Longbridge plant in Birmingham came out on unofficial strike. They said they were protesting at the management's refusal to make back-dated payments which had been agreed by both sides in return for higher levels of productivity. In the context of the agreement the unions had conceded that redundancies could take place. The shop stewards pointed out that 7,000 redundancies had occurred and claimed that the management was attempting to conceal the true levels of production at both Austin-Morris and Jaguar. Management claimed that productivity had not been high enough to justify the payments, that the men had misunderstood the terms of the agreement and that the shop stewards were breaking the procedure agreement. Given that both sides had competing explanations to offer, in principle each of these might have been explored. In the main, however, coherence and rationality were granted to management views and not to those of the workforce. Interviewing approaches to the two groups were strikingly different. Interviews with Pat Lowry, personnel director of BL Cars, and Ray Horrocks, managing director of Austin-Morris, began with open invitations to them to elaborate on their views. When they did so, their views were allowed to stand without interruption or challenge. On the rare occasions when a second question was put to them it was encouraging rather than challenging. Thus, on 7 February, BBC1's Iain Ross interviewed Horrocks:

Ross: When I spoke to the boss of Austin-Morris, of which Longbridge is the biggest part, I asked him if the workers had been deliberately misled by the stewards.

Horrocks: I am saying that they were given the wrong information without *any* shadow of doubt at all and that is now very evident. Because against the background of the *same* information, 66,000 in 27 plants right across the country have voted to stay at work.

Ross: So what's the message *in that* for Longbridge?

On ITN, Geoffrey Green introduced Horrocks with these words:

Green: If Longbridge doesn't go back, Leyland say other plants are going to be hit. And there is a long-term threat too.

Horrocks: In what I think is the unlikely event that Longbridge stay out – there's no doubt at all in my mind, I shall have to ask the Chief Executive of BL Limited that I should re-appraise the Austin-Morris plant and that will have long term implications for the company.

Green: What sort of implications? ...

The aggressive questions put to shop stewards and pickets stand out in marked contrast. A typical example was when Peter Colbourne of BBC1 interviewed Derek Robinson, convenor of shop stewards at Longbridge, on 7 February. Robinson attempted to reject the interpretive framework of the interviewer, who failed to acknowledge the points he was making and persisted in the assumptions with which he had begun:

Colbourne: The vote was in favour of an instant walk-out. There have been dire warnings that another stoppage could spell the end of British Leyland. After this one would there be a plant or a job to come back to?

Robinson: I'm confident we shall have a plant and a job to go back to. I note that Mr Edwardes might not have a job. Indeed, he's already seeking tax exile. I wish that some of our members on the wages that we get could seek tax exile, at the same rate as himself.

Colbourne: Leyland workers over recent years have got a reputation with the public for perhaps doing things very quickly and doing sometimes stupid things – is this one of them?

Robinson: I wouldn't have thought so. But you know, you were here last year when we persuaded our members not to. If anyone's adopted a responsible attitude it's the workers at Longbridge.

Colbourne: Was it responsible to go ahead with *this* strike?

In a similar vein, David Smith interviewed Robinson on ITN on 8 February.

Smith: There were clashes this morning between pickets and drivers trying to get building materials through to a plant that will build the new Mini – the car that is the key to the company's future. Aren't the men cutting their own throats?

Robinson: We're on strike. It's been forced upon us. We've got no alternative. And we intend to use the full force of our membership in picketing this plant to ensure that nothing moves in and nothing moves out. We *regret* that we have to do these things. But until such time as the management come down to earth, that's how it will continue.

Smith: Even if it destroys the company? ...

The following day, 8 February, *News at Ten* opened with these headlines:

Mr Callaghan tells the strikers: there's no more money.
Leyland unions say: let the taxpayers pay.

Did the unions *really* make such a crude remark? Grenville Hawley, chief negotiator for Leyland, recalls that he was asked by a reporter whether he thought the taxpayers should pay. He replied that it would be a good investment if the NEB were to put more money into Leyland. ITN reprocessed this view to present a particular image of the workers for whom he was speaking.

Much emphasis is placed on 'responsibility' and 'irresponsibility' in reports of industrial disputes. Unfortunately for trade unionists, the concept of responsibility that *they* might wish to convey is easily overshadowed by the 'official' version, broadcast by means of quotes from government ministers. Summing up on the Longbridge strike on BBC1 (9 February), Iain Ross commented:

> If the Longbridge men return to work the company says that the parity scheme can be picked up. If production levels are good this month and next – the same kind of output that was reached last September – the first stage of parity payments can be backdated to the beginning of January. In the Commons today, the Industry Secretary Eric Varley told MPs it was too early to talk about the future funding of the company but what was taking place now could be taken into consideration.

Industrial correspondents do their own scene-setting in between headlines, interviews and selected quotes from ministers. Iain Ross, for example, relays the management view of the strike on 7 February:

> BL management wasn't slow to blast back at the Longbridge stewards for acting unconstitutionally, breaking procedure, overturning the secret ballot vote and spreading inaccurate information.

Ross then refers to productivity figures without mentioning the union's claims that productivity was higher at Austin Morris and at Jaguar (these were discussed on the *Tonight* programme, 12 February, but not on the main news):

> Now the extra productivity is measured against output in 1977 – goodness knows, a bad year for disputes ...
>
> An all-out strike could mean BL revising the corporate plan it's submitted to the NEB, cutting back investment, cutting back jobs. The failure of British car companies to produce cars means a boost for imports which we learn accounted for 54 per cent of all sales last month, when, incidentally, BL cars were market leader for the fourth consecutive month.

BL management, having avoided the kind of challenge thrown at Robinson, emerges as the victim – having to revise the corporate plan and cut jobs and investment because of the strike. There is no room for an alternative view. That last phrase – 'BL were market leaders for the fourth consecutive month' – is treated, quite literally, as incidental information. In an alternative frame it could have been used to contradict, or at least to challenge, the conventional view that BL is failing to produce cars because of frequent strikes.

Picket line at Leyland's Longbridge plant. *Press Association*

**Research by the Glasgow University Media Group, published in* Bad News, *Routledge and Kegan Paul.*

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TURKEY 1
David Tonge

Inflation, unemployment, mounting debts and political violence

Will the military take over?

'WHAT TYPE OF REGIME does Turkey have?' a prominent Tory was recently inquiring. One could venture that opposition foreign affairs spokesmen should be better informed, yet unfortunately the question is one which many Turks are beginning to ask.

Designed to form a liberal democracy, Turkey's institutions have long had trouble in meeting the strains of development. But ironically it is the country's first liberal prime minister, Bulent Ecevit, who is making their faults most glaringly apparent. His 15 months in office have proved a greater setback to the reformist cause than anything his opponents could hatch up.

The Left has had its power chipped away, the Right survives. Killing continues and authoritarianism is a mounting threat. Ecevit himself has claimed that Turkish fascists can draw on the lessons of Hitler's and Mussolini's rises to power. But it is being asked whether he in his turn has learnt from the mistakes made by pre-war social democrats. Organisations sworn to combat the militant Right have been shut down. However, the neo-fascists are flourishing.

An increasing number of them are being arrested in connection with Turkey's appalling political violence – around 1000 people died in last year's sea of blood. But despite the stains on NAP hands it was only last November that Ecevit denounced it by name for the first time. And he consults with its leader on 'means of ending the violence'.

Further, even though some hit men are being caught, most are mere prison fodder, often not knowing who precisely they killed; in one typical case doing so because they had been offered a café. Even the new Minister of Interior, Hasam Fehmi Gumes, admits that arresting terrorists is 'only seizing the problem by the tail'. The head continues to escape – and the wolf's paws to remain embedded in the police and security services. There is no evidence that Ecevit's appointees have been able to take full charge of MIT, Turkey's notorious CIA. (Not long ago four MIT employees were accused of beating up the son of one of Ecevit's deputies. They were transferred to the Prime Minister's office, and there was a virtual rebellion in MIT.)

As fast as progress is made in bringing an uneasy calm to the country's educational institutions, trouble breaks out elsewhere. The 100 people killed at Christmas in Kahramanmaras were only the latest victims in a series of clashes through Anatolia. The latent differences between the Sunnis and the poorer Alevis – as the country's Shiites are known – and between Turks and Lazes and Kurds have been exploited.

But the declaration of martial law, which has been in force for one in every four days since Turkish independence, has led to the closing of left-wing papers, to a further setback to chances of legalising the Communist Party and abolishing the articles of the penal code taken from Mussolini. It has also been one more factor costing Ecevit support.

His party has now lost seven out of the last 11 mayoral elections to the conservative Justice Party. His avowed policy has been not to worry about the Left but to concentrate on the 57 per cent of the electorate which voted for parties to his right in 1977. He has put the Left at a mere one per cent, forgetting how much of the Left then voted for him. But now the communists are asking 'In what way is (your party leadership) any different from the reactionary fascist coalition governments?' And the centre-right is forgetting that it was Demirel's profligate mis-management of the economy which led to the present crisis.

In 1977 the coalition of forces which backed Ecevit was unique – ranging from employers to left-wing unions and including the Americans. Having campaigned on promise and hope, he has offered disappointment. Even Professor Mumtaz Soysal, who drafted the Cypriot constitution proposals for Ecevit, writes: 'When the inadequacy of its watered-down formula is becoming clear and when people are attracted by more deeply-rooted solutions, the loss of support of (Ecevit's party) becomes unavoidable.' Measures such as the electoral reform the party is preparing, which would discriminate against the small parties on the left, mean that Ecevit's isolation at home is only matched by his isolation abroad.

THE WEST has tended to take the alliance of Turkey for granted. For centuries Russia was the Ottomans' traditional enemy, eating away their empire as it marched inexorably south. This enmity is assumed to be immutable and the US Department of Defence is fairly bland about suggestions that, after Afghanistan and Iran, Turkey will be the next domino. It is axiomatic to Americans that the Turkish Army is an institution which has the history and coherence to prevent this. But the strength of that very institution is the flaw in this argument. Turkey is no colonial afterbirth but an imperial heartland. The Turks' nationalism was aroused in the 1960s and, following the US arms embargo, enraged in the 1970s. 'If you wake the Turkish pasha, god knows the mess you face,' is a Greek proverb. The Greeks should know.

Today Turkey is at odds with the West over politics and economics. It puts more emphasis on detente and decolonialisation than is convenient for NATO. It criticises the whole Camp David ritual for ignoring the Palestinians. It refuses to take part in Eurovision contests which are held in Jerusalem. And, though allowing US bases to remain open, it does so only for a limited period.

Then there is Cyprus where it has still to bend and, more troublesome still there is the Aegean. Turkey has vetoed Greece's return to the military alliance until it receives extended rights in the sea between them. And yet more important, or so General Haig assures us, are Turkey's financial straits: 'Turkey's economic difficulties eclipse all other (NATO) regional problems in urgency and magnitude', he told a Congressional Committee last month.

The bare statistics are revealing. Inflation – 70 per cent in the year to July 1978; an annual rate of 40 per cent since. Unemployment – over 20 per cent of the work force. External debt – $13 billion, of which nearly one-half has had to be rolled over. Factories – working at half-capacity (though this at least means that there is now enough electricity to stop the daily power cuts). There are acute shortages of basic commodities. Buying petrol means joining half-mile queues. Even medicines are in desperately short supply. A bitter winter is giving way to a hungry spring. There are few notches to tighten in Turkish belts. Yet that is what is being called for by the IMF despite a recent slight climb-down.

The present crisis dates back five years. The costs of the Cyprus invasion and the oil price hikes had to be borne by an economy already in travail. Protectionism in the West was affecting Turkish exports while remittances by migrant workers, the golden geese of the 1960s, started to fall.

Initially the problems were disguised by short-term borrowing abroad at diastrous rates of interest. In all $2 billion was raised between 1975 and 1977 from banks and depositors whose greed for the profits involved overcame any concern about the clearly ailing economy. When Ecevit took over 15 months ago it was a mortgaged state which he inherited.

He has since had to cut back a massive public sector deficit, with the recent price increases the last and most painful surgery. He has been at constant odds with the IMF over this and devaluation – a move which he sees as only fuelling inflation. He has also been battling with the West over the future of the whole development strategy which Turkey has chosen. Its long distrust for the recipes of the West contributed to the way that it used to prefer exporting workers to importing capital. Import substitution, self-reliance and glasshouse protection of domestic capital behind tariff walls was the formula preferred.

It is a strategy shot full of problems – not least the way that merchants are free to charge what they like for the scarce goods around; one of the reasons why even in this past year so many new millionaires have emerged. But anything, the Turks argue, is better than a return to the capitulations which humiliated the Ottomans. And that anything means ensuring that foreign capital is kept out.

The West, of course, does not like that. Through the IMF and OECD it has set out to change it, to make Turkey another playground for the multinationals. That, and a cutback on Turkey's growth plans, is the pound of flesh it is demanding as the price of its aid. The German's special emissary for emergency aid to Turkey arrived in Ankara this Wednesday.

There is of course a chance that Ecevit will ride the storm and persuade the IMF to soften its stand. But other countries' leaders who have tried this have found it as vain as charging a windmill. For liberals in Turkey the tragedy is that Ecevit embarked on this course when he had no alternative policy to offer; when he had a small majority and debts as large as they were.

There is an arguable case that any alternative government could lead to an even worse bloodbath but it is not always accepted abroad. Instead for the moment all one can do is point out that the economic crises of 1959 and 1969 were followed by military interventions, and hope that the crisis of 1979 will not continue this pattern.

David Tonge is diplomatic correspondent of the Financial Times.

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TURKEY 2
Charles Patmore

The problems are the perfect breeding ground for fascism

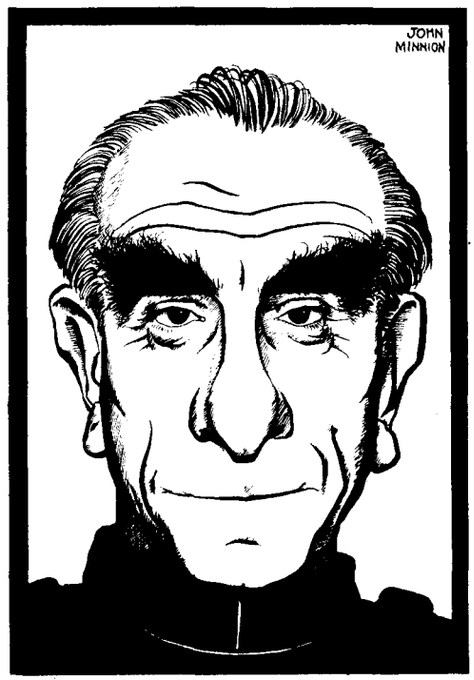
Türkes: the right's chosen leader

MANY TURKS HAVE no doubt who has secretly authorised the majority of the political murders that have trebled annually in Turkey since 1975. It is ex-Colonel Alparslan Türkes, former vice-premier, leader of Turkey's fastest growing political party – the Nationalist Action Party, Europe's largest fascist movement. For ten years his notorious 'commando camps' have been providing fascist indoctrination and military training for cadres of 'nationalist youth'. For the two years he was deputy premier, 1975-77, Türkes shamelessly used his position to infiltrate his men into the police and security services, so his power is much greater than his million votes in the 1977 election would suggest. His appeal is that he offers a Third Way out of the impasse between secular social democracy and private enterprise/Islamic reaction which has paralysed Turkish democracy for 30 years. He cleverly represents his ideology to play on the deeply-rooted and respected Turkish political traditions of the dynamic Ataturk, who was chiefly responsible for Europeanising Turkey.

Türkes' key construct is 'Turkishness', a self-sacrificial devotion to the advancement of Turkey which involves 'conforming in all spheres to the Turkish spirit and traditions and to assistance to all Turks and the Turkish nation in everything.' 'All Turks' means more than you think. Türkes' vision is of a vast 'Greater Turkey', embracing all Turkic peoples, and stretching from Salonica literally all the way to China. NAP literature gives exaggerated figures for 'Outer Turks': 70 million in Russia, 30 million in China, 12 million in Iran, 3 million in Iraq, 2 million in the Balkans, not to mention Thrace and, of course, Cyprus. This Pan-Turkist idea of the Turks as proud descendants of the mighty Tartar empires of Attila, Genghis and Tamurlane united across Asia by language, culture and 'Destiny', became popular in another period of hopelessness, the final Ottoman decline. It received an elaborate ideology early this century from Ziya Gökalp, a Turkish sociologist whose books are still very evident in Turkish bookshops.

Gökalp regarded the Turks as close to a master-race and ascribed Turkey's backwardness to the adoption of an insidious foreign culture, an Arab one, and a debased, Arabised version of Islam. He wrote poems, children's stories and colourful history about the Turks' migrant ancestors, the Tartar horsemen of Central Asia, and the sacred Turkish homeland, Turan, between the Caspian and the Siberian Lake Baikal. But his call for Turks to rediscover their Tartar heritage also meant radical modernisation as Gökalp described the Tartars as key agents in the spread of civilisation. Ataturk stamped firmly on expansionist *political* Pan-Turkism (as it risked war with Russia), but he promoted *cultural* Pan-Turkism as a marvellous catalyst in his sweeping reforms. Gökalp's theories about the Tartars as an international advance guard of progress were used to remove the overtones of cultural imperialism inherent in 'westernisation'. 'Westernising' could be redefined as 'Turkefying' and Ataturk's Europeanisation was made to appear as if the Turks were reclaiming their own culture rather than adopting an alien, infidel one. The NAP's Pan-Turkist colouring thus has appeal to widely seeded ideas among far more Turks than you'd imagine. The party employs much atavistic Tartar imagery. The 'grey wolf' title of Türkes' gangs of thugs evokes a Tartar legend; Türkes is their 'Basbug', a Turkic chieftain's title. Some enthusiasts sport the fur hats and long moustaches of their revered ancestors. One aim of the NAP's campaign of infiltration and murder in teaching colleges is the revival of 'nationalist education'.

Türkes' 'nationalist education' involves state-planned mass-specialisation in science and technology alongside Tartar legends to build the super-modern Greater Turkey. Fervent 'Turkishness' is his key to social and economic problems. Loyal Turks must band together under a decisive, heavily empowered administration to labour self-sacrificially for the intensively planned crash industrialisation and reform programme that will bring Turkey



into the 'Atomic Age'. Any interest groups, whether capitalist monopolies or labour unions, who resist sacrificing towards this goal are anti-Turkish. In practice it is the left wing who incur Türkes' worst wrath and the 'grey wolves' violence. Türkes loathes 'communists' for stirring enmity against Turkey's private sector, and as agents of the historical enemy, Russia, whose influence today encircles Turkey in Syria and Iraq. Communists are the persecutors of his beloved Soviet Turks and, as atheists, they are damnable from the NAP's Islamic standpoint. (During the last war, indeed, Türkes was imprisoned for his pro-Nazi intrigues against the Soviet Union.) At elections, though, Türkes competes with the Left in talking of land reform and more jobs.

National unity under an empowered, modernising elite appeals to the less democratic side of the influential Ataturkist tradition. Ataturk also reformed from above, established substantial state involvement in economic development and suppressed divisive interests. He resolutely preached democracy but his radical reforms were the result of a stronghanded, charismatic leader. A surprising number of Turks believe that almost staggering progress should be possible, given the right leader. The military interventions of 1960 (in which Türkes took part) and 1971 both began with ritual denunciations of the failure of democratic politicians to execute Ataturk's Will and Testament.

But Türkes also exploits Ataturk's greatest foe, Islamic reaction. His 1969 alignment of the NAP with Islam contrasts sharply with his key role in the 1960 secularist coup that ousted and hanged Menderes, the right-wing idol of the Islamic faithful. It is the only known significant change in Türkes's ideas and has been dismissed by both Muslim scholars and comrades from the '60 coup as insincere vote-getting. Türkes's novel synthesis of nationalist and Islamic conservatism can appeal to extremists on both sides of this great Turkish divide. The army which traditionally has defined secular democracy as the correct Ataturkist line now has its middle ranks penetrated by NAP activists with a very different interpretation of the army's duty.

Gökalp argued ingeniously to reconcile Islam with Pan-Turkist modernism. Türkes twists this and exploits sectarian fanaticism by defining the strict Sunni Moslem codes as the authentic expression of 'Turkish spirit and traditions' and hence obligatory for loyal Turks. The Alevi, NAP victims at the recent Maras massacre, are a huge 20 per cent Shia Moslem minority sect which was relieved of discrimination under Ataturk's secularism. They are poor, and loyal to Ecevit's social democratic Republican Peoples Party. The NAP link this allegiance with 'un-Turkish' morality and suggest that the Alevis have 'un-Turkish' loyalties. This allows NAP terrorists to use 'black propaganda' outrages to foment sectarian clashes, then intervene on the Sunni side, the 'Turkish' side, to pick up the religious vote. Türkes solicits religious prejudice with nationalist rhetoric. He attacks 'Zionists', freemasons and the 'Christian' EEC as foreign influences as well as anti-Islamic. Türkes' own pet causes like Pan-Turkism, anti-communism and 'Greater Turkey' hostility to birth control are given an Islamic colouring. Sunni morality as a measure of 'Turkishness' fits well with the emphasis on authority and unity in NAP – One Nation, One Religion, One Leader.

A co-conspirator in the 1960 coup, Türkes was later ousted for opposing restoration of Ataturk's prescribed democracy. On return from diplomatic exile in 1963 he and his comrades began the calculated infiltration and takeover of a small conservative party which, once purged, became the Nationalist Action Party. (Türkes is not the first man of his ideas to have entered democratic politics after the failure of a putsch). His big break came in 1975 when Demirel made him Vice Premier in return for originally only three seats – and the support of his 'grey wolf' street army. With appalling unemployment and inflation, his bizarre, violent and totalitarian ideas, cloaked in respected national traditions, have an appeal which at other times would be inconceivable. If the West does not give Ecevit's government the economic help Turkey so badly needs, there is a risk of the return of Demirel and his Tartar warlord partner.

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Turkey 3

A chance to act on Cyprus

Godfrey Hodgson writes: The Turkish crisis is an opportunity to force the Turks to do what they have refused to do for five years: undo the harm they did when they invaded Cyprus nearly five years ago. And the Greek Cypriots' friends in Congress in Washington have not forgotten that. The question now is whether they will be able to push the Carter Administration into leaning on the Turks to some effect, or whether the Turks will be defended again, as they have been in the past, by the Pentagon and its friends in Washington and at NATO.

Some of the current panic is exaggerated nonsense, no doubt, and exaggerated nonsense assiduously circulated by the New Right Wing International, at that. It doesn't necessarily follow, for example, that because there is an Islamic revolution in (overwhelmingly Shi'ite) Iran, there will necessarily be an Islamic revolution in (predominantly Sunni) Turkey, though to read some respected American columnists you would get that impression. But then some American columnists are perfectly happy about predicting revolutions in countries they could scarcely find in the atlas.

Still, the plain fact is that Turkey is in an appalling economic mess, and the Turks are going to have to be helped. What's more, it is now clear that the aid package is now being put together at last. The coins are beginning to chink in Bulent Ecevit's begging bowl. So, to put it coarsely, now is the time to ask them what they mean to do about Cyprus.

Back in January and February 1977 the late Archbishop Makarios met the Turkish Cypriot leader, Rauf Denktash, twice, for the first time since the Turkish invasion of 1974. As a result of those meetings, both sides accepted four elaborately vague 'guidelines' for intercommunal talks, which revived for a while as a result, though they have now flickered out again. The guidelines were not so very significant in themselves. But they were virtually the only serious sign of progress in the direction of an agreement on Cyprus since the Turks invaded. And the point is this: they were only agreed by the Turks because they believed, wrongly as it turned out, that the new Carter Administration was getting tough.

The United States has now in effect tried three successive tactics for getting the Turks to agree to a reasonable settlement in Cyprus. At first, after the invasion in the autumn of 1974, when the so-called 'Greek lobby' in Congress – many of whom, contrary to mythology, were simply liberals angered by the Nixon Administration's complicity with the Greek colonels – urged Henry Kissinger to embargo arms transfers to Turkey, on the grounds that since US-supplied arms had been used for the invasion of a friendly country, standing US law had already been broken, Kissinger begged to be allowed to handle things his own way. He insisted that it would be more effective for him to put quiet diplomatic pressure on Ankara. Either he didn't really try, or he tried and failed. In any case, at the end of 1974 the liberals in Congress, led by Congressmen Rosenthal, Brademas and Sarbanes and Senator Eagleton, profiting from Kissinger's weak position after the fall of Nixon, insisted on imposing the embargo. That too failed. In October, 1975 the embargo was partially lifted. But it wasn't until 1978 that the Carter Administration yielded to pressure from the Pentagon and went to Congress to ask for the embargo to be totally lifted. Once again, the stated object was to get the Turks to pull back in Cyprus.

Now almost a year has gone by, and the situation on the ground in Cyprus has not changed. Some 17,000 Turkish troops are still there as an army of occupation, and the social and economic life of the Greek community is still traumatised.

So three phases of American policy have failed to move the Turks. Neither Kissinger's secret diplomacy, nor the arms embargo, nor the Carter Administration's friendly persuasion has had the slightest effect. And now the Turks are asking us, begging us, virtually, for help on a far greater scale than the $175 million of military material that was held up by the embargo. There are now Congressmen who feel that the time is right to attach conditions to that aid; they are surely right.

At the moment, such weak signals as have come out of Washington have been largely counteracted by reassurances from General Haig and NATO. It would be a good start for NATO's new Supreme Commander, General Bernard Rogers, if he would desist from operating a private foreign policy in this way.

LAW

Let jurors speak for themselves

Geoffrey Robertson writes: The Lord Chancellor's Department issues a leaflet to prospective jurors, enjoining them to remember that: 'What is said in the jury room should not be disclosed to any outside person, even after the trial is concluded.' In fact, there is no law against talking to jurors, nor against jurors talking, after a trial has finished. But the taboo persists, which is why the most recent trial of juries* has special importance.

The authors' most remarkable findings have been the least publicised. They were permitted to observe the procedures for summoning juries at Birmingham Crown Court, and to compare the social and racial make-up of the panels with census returns for the catchment area. They discovered a staggering under-representation of the black community: 15 times as many black jurors ought to have been summoned to give proportionate representation to that section of the city's population. The imbalance is especially serious in a court where over half of the 'wrongful convictions' identified by the authors were of black defendants. Other races suffered as well: the Irish make up ten per cent of the city's population but only 3.6 per cent of its jury panels. Until 1977 the court officials responsible for summoning jurors deliberately selected twice as many men as women. How many other courts persist, unscrutinised, with similar discriminatory practices?

Baldwin and McConville heap scientific scorn on Sir Robert Mark's fantasy that professional criminals, abetted by bent lawyers, manipulate the trial process to win a disproportionate number of acquittals. The demonstrable fact is that professionals are marginally less successful in getting themselves acquitted than their amateur brethren.

More worrying is the fact that judges are obliged to throw out 23 per cent of contested charges because of the basic inadequacy of prosecution evidence. Why do the police bring so many cases which are deficient in law? Are solicitors negligent in failing to contest them at committal stage, or do magistrates too readily rubber-stamp them as fit for trial? The answers to these questions may powerfully re-inforce the case for an independent prosecuting authority.

ALTHOUGH THE BALDCON survey made front page headlines by suggesting that a third of all jury acquittals are 'perverse', all it actually proves on this score is the unsurprising fact that circuit judges in London and Birmingham often disagree strongly with trial verdicts. (If we wanted juries to agree consistently with judges, there would be no point in jury trials at all.) The researchers sought 'reasonable' explanations for jury acquittals – and since jurors were unable to speak for themselves and the Bar declined, they surveyed the opinions of judges, policemen and prosecuting and defence solicitors. (Oddly, they never thought of asking those lay observers – ushers, reporters, warders – whose view of the case might tally more closely with that of the jury.)

The researchers drew up a list of 'factors' by which those who responded to their survey were expected to deem an acquittal 'reasonable'. These included such obvious considerations as 'weakness of prosecution case' and 'strength of defence case', but fell far short of the full gamut of reasonableness. For example, 'Prosecution evidence intact, defendant unsympathetic and not very credible, but a lurking and not unreasonable doubt' does not amount to a 'perverse' acquittal in my book, although it might in the Baldcon file. Jurors are said to strain to acquit victims of unpopular laws**, but this 'factor' does not merit an entry. Nor is forensic skill (or lack of it) credited as capable of influencing any jury. For all the judicial hurrumphing and police disappointment recorded by Baldwin and McConville, one yearns for the authentic voice of the juror: 'Look here, we acquitted because . . .'

In Birmingham, apparently, police entertain 'serious doubts' about 44 per cent of acquittals. They would, wouldn't they, since they brought the case in the first place. These doubts are echoed by judges in 31 per cent of cases. Trial by lawyer, in other words, would produce more convictions than trial by jury. But wait . . . those serious doubts are shared only by 10 per cent of defence solicitors. Might this not be a truer measure of 'jury perversity' than the average mean outlook of policemen and judges? And might the proportion of acquittals assessed as 'perverse' be even lower if the jurors in question had been permitted to speak for themselves?

The authors' chief cause of concern is the small percentage of jury convictions identified as 'wrongful', in the sense that strong and serious doubts persist in the minds of police officers and judges after their sentence. Why do prosecutions continue against someone whose guilt is doubted by the police from the outset? Baldwin and McConville discovered 15 'wrongful convictions' in their sample, only two of which were remedied on appeal – a finding which gives force to their argument for a less rigid system of review, to enable judges with 'serious doubts' to express them, not to researchers but to the Court of Appeal.

Blackstone saw juries as a safeguard against 'the violence and partiality of judges appointed by the Crown'. In Birmingham, at least, juries are performing their function with considerable independence. It is to be hoped that future research will be permitted to involve the jurors themselves – not (as Michael Zander has suggested) by surreptitiously bugging their deliberations, but by inviting their own explanation, with the defendants' permission, of a sample of verdicts.

*Jury Trials *by John Baldwin and Michael McConville, Clarendon Press, £4.95.*
**Justice Deserted, *by Harriet Harman and John Griffith, NCCL, 50p.*

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FRANCE
David Leitch

Who is behind the new outbreak of political violence?

Indians in the Bois de Vincennes

FROM THE GUILLOTINE, first used in April 1792, to the student Night of the Barricades in May 1968, France has enjoyed a pioneering tradition of employing violence for political ends. Sometimes the aggro takes a genuinely innovatory form; more often there is a new tactic emerging from well-tried methods to suit changing circumstances. It usually happens in the Spring, for some reason, and in the last fortnight Parisians have had a belly-full.

Thus cries for more law, and a lot more order, are heard on all sides. Since France is at least as materialistic as violent, the initial debate concentrated on who pays the bill for what the papers call 'The Battle of the Opéra,' which took place on 23 March after the end of the demonstration by steel workers against the planned redundancies in the French industry. Under article 16 of the communal code, the City of Paris should indemnify those materially injured. Since the Opéra punch-up was quantitively the most violent occasion since May '68 – 170 arrests, 116 police in hospital, 40 cars and 75 shops burnt out or badly damaged – the queue of those claiming compensation is long and vociferous.

Not surprisingly, Jacques Chirac, the mayor with presidential intentions who combines running Paris with leading the post-Gaullists, sweetly refused to play, or pay. Instead he blamed Interior Minister Christian Bonnet, and by extension the government, for sanctioning the steel-workers' march against job-cuts in the first place. And also for Prime Minister Barre's austerity programme which has boosted already high unemployment 20 per cent in 12 months as the price of the anti-inflation battle.

From there it was a short step to a debate about banning marches altogether, or at least banishing them to the sylvan setting of the Bois de Vincennes where what are now called 'The Indians' or simply 'The Breakers' could fight the CRS riot police to their hearts' content without fear of non-combatant casualties, either personal or material. Thus the May Day parade from the Bastille via the Place de la République to the Opéra may not be permitted this year. It is a sacred occasion for the Left. They have reacted like the Pope being informed that to promote civic virtues he would do well to cancel Easter this year.

But this is simply party politics, and the significance of recent events lies elsewhere. The Opéra aggro *looked* traditional – the same gas fumes, snouted riot cops, destroyed trees and traffic-lights to provide *ad hoc* barricades – but wasn't. The personnel, the tactics, the intention and the vocabulary have all changed, even if, especially on TV, it all looked like more of the same.

The same is true of the cafeteria bombing, timed for 12.30 when the biggest crowds were around. Thirty-three of them were wounded, though, near miraculously, there have been no fatalities, at least at the time of writing. The French Jews, under their spokesman Alain de Rothschild are, like the police explosive experts I spoke to, reasonably sure that this was neither traditional anti-Semitism nor, as many initially assumed, a PLO or arab faction response to the Middle East peace treaty.

Camera Press

The PLO not only denied responsibility and condemned the act. They made an unprecedented offer of 'sympathy and moral support' to the injured and their families.

But it was not these words but hardware, or its absence, that convinced the police. Their explosive experts were surprised to find no trace of any sophisticated device or timing-mechanism. The method, they decided, was 'unusually primitive' – a lot of dynamite on a short fuse. Not the arabs' style at all

SO IF THE PLO, or some allied off-shoot, were not the culprits, then who was? So far there have been only two clues: one a phone-call to the police 55 minutes after the cafeteria went up, the other so far unpublicised discovery of a formidable *cache* of dynamite found concealed in the basement of a Paris tower block of some local notoriety.

The man calling the police described himself, I understand, as 'a member of a self-governing collective against the government, against Carter's shitty *(merdique)* treaty, and against society'. As my informant remarked: 'No-one thought fast enough to inquire whether there was anything he was *for*.'

To understand the significance of the second clue, the treasure of dynamite packed under the 40-storeys of 'The White Tower' as secretively as a peasant-farmer stuffing gold coins under the mattress, you have to know something about this nasty building. It dominates, ironically enough, the square named in honour of Léon Blum, the Popular Front leader of 1936, but this apart it has as little in common with the kosher cafeteria as could be imagined. While under construction it was hugely promoted, in estate agents' *franglais*, as possessing 'un standing exceptionel.' This super-snob publicity hype was received and understood by its residents.

There are film-stars and politicians; big bankers (in Paris, despite stereotypes, as often Protestants as Jews); diplomats and corporation bosses; a few princes (mainly arab): and even more entrancingly, a lady whose route to the summit of 'grand standing' involved a decade on the road working as what the Edwardians called 'a grand horizontal'.

Trying to isolate a target among this bunch is like unravelling a jet-set anagram – 'the only thing they have in common is the highest membership of Régine's per capita per square metre' one detective so employed commented. 'The dynamite was not there to achieve a specific political result, like killing a US diplomat. They just wanted to make as big a bang as possible – very unsophisticated stuff.'

A very fair description, in fact, of a number of 'Indians' I interviewed. Since they wear black leathers and shave their skulls (a style last popular among US Marines and French army paratroops in Algeria, both of whom ended up losers) the lads are easy to spot. I started with a pair called Bob and Mico, who looked the genuine article since Mico's nose and part of his jaw were covered in plaster, implying recent action.

Sure enough, he claimed that near the Opéra a cop disguised as 'one of us' had smashed him with a brick. With his *copain* they had been employed ferrying Molotov cocktails from their *cache* in the left-luggage office at the Gare de l'Est, the station used by the reinforcements sent to Verdun, a battle of which neither had heard.

Inarticulacy is in this year. The Indians' predecessors in 1968 invented witty slogans like 'Imagination to Power'. Their Maoist elder brothers of the early 1970's looted the equivalent of Fortnum's and distributed pillaged pâté to confused Senegalese workers in the 19th arrondissement. In the 1976 student protests, which disrupted education for a year in the course of which several of my 'Indian' chums kissed school good-bye forever, the marchers carried white flags without slogans. Not a symbol of surrender, but a gesture in honour of a student in the provinces who had killed himself because, as he said, there was no job, no future, no hope.

Now there is even less – nearly half the 1.4 million unemployed are under 27, and have already spent most of their youth on the dole. The 'Indians' don't even bother to steal from the shops they smash. They have no niche in the consumer society and play at driving cars along motorways on electronic machines in amusement centres like 'Pim-Balls' opposite the Pompidou centre. They have no ideology – except *la dynamite* – and far from being clockwork products of Burgess/Ballard high rise Alphavilles they are often bourgeois in origin. Their parents were often activists for the Union of the Left – 'and look where that got *les pauvres cons*' as Mico mumbled through his plaster beak.

He looked like a caricature of a riot cop geared up and some *autonomes* (in 1976 they would have been called *marginaux*) told me that one volunteer in three is an obvious detective with freshly shaved skull as *carte d'identité*. 'So what?' he added. 'We can still smash.'

French anarchists in the 1880's used to sing *Dynamitons, Dynamitons* as a battle-refrain. 'Our fathers danced to the canon's music, now the tragic dance requires a louder noise . . .'

The Parisians have every promise of getting it, despite, and to some extent because of the police's success at penetrating and provoking.

It is part of a steady process, described by Gérard Soulier, the eminent jurist, as a policy of tough government designed to inculcate 'a habit of repression. To make it normal, just, necessary and finally legitimate.' No wonder the law and order lobby prospers. No wonder Parisians are so trigger-happy.

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SOUTHEAST ASIA
Anthony Barnett

Did Brezhnev play Kennedy to Teng's Kruschev?

China's diplomatic defeat

THE OUTCOME OF China's Vietnam invasion may not have been widely headlined, but at least it has been acknowledged. In the words of *Time* magazine: 'As military operations go, the invasion was something of a botch.' Certainly, if the septuagenarians of China's Southern Command aimed to meet and destroy Hanoi's elite divisions, then they had forgotten their Clauswitz. He insisted (in 1832) that the defence had to 'keep its main force out of the mountains' and reserve them for the plains. The Chinese armies never got through the mountain defences. They even failed to consolidate control over Lang Son, the prerequisite to beginning any march towards Hanoi.

The Vietnamese success in depriving Peking of a rapid victory threatened to prolong the engagement. The Soviet Union had apparently been under pressure from the Carter administration not to react to a short incursion. As a more protracted war appeared imminent, Moscow seems to have held Washington to its assurance that China would withdraw rapidly. These diplomatic moves have received virtually no coverage at all, yet the evidence is fairly explicit.

Paradoxically, China was trying to push the USSR *into* Vietnam. Once it had failed to remove Soviet influence there, Peking hoped to isolate the Vietnamese from their other supporters by locking them into complete dependence on Moscow. This plan failed too. No Soviet troops arrived in Indochina, nor did Japan, France or Sweden immediately sever their aid programmes. A senior Hanoi representative has confirmed that one of Vietnam's war aims was to keep Moscow *out* of the fighting. But whatever Hanoi might have wanted, both Moscow and Washington had their own global stakes in the outcome and neither wanted to lose its influence over the combatants.

The international scenario seems to have been as follows. When Teng went to Washington he told the US administration of his plans. His new bankers advised him that the invasion was a risky matter. But, as the *Washington Post* informed its readers in its first editorial after the invasion began: 'To keep faith with the People's Republic, the administration let it be known in advance that a Chinese response would not upset the new US-Chinese connection.' What this actually meant was that Carter and his advisers were delighted at the idea of a brief, punitive expedition. First, this would seal their new alliance in blood, and make it that much more difficult for Peking to re-open friendly relations with Moscow. Second, while expensive, the adventure was more than covered by China's assets. It would thus increase its debts without threatening its overall creditworthiness. What banker could ask for more?

Then the invasion failed. After a week, the Chinese seemed to have got nowhere, in what *Newsweek* dubbed their 'sitzkreig'. On 25 February, the *Washington Post* reported a change of tune: 'Intelligence estimates that the Chinese assault on Vietnam may last for a month or longer instead of a few days are forcing a rapid reassessment of US policy towards that conflict and its impact on detente

Cartoon from the Chinese press: how the invaders see themselves.

toward the Soviet Union.' On the same day, Treasury Secretary Blumenthal, who was to represent the US at the official opening of its Peking Embassy, publicly rebuked the Chinese leaders for their 'transgression'. The weakening of American resolve scuppered Teng's plans to press on and reverse the military outcome.

In a set of obviously coordinated signals at the end of February, undoubtedly stated more bluntly in private, Teng was told to get out of Vietnam. Moscow had already called for an 'immediate' Chinese withdrawal. But in a long article on 28 February *Pravda* now threatened Washington itself:

> War conflagration may spread if Peking's aggression against Vietnam is not stopped, if the aggressor is not made to get out immediately. And those who today hope to warm themselves by its flames are rashly running the risk of being the next victim of the aggressor and of his adventurist policy.

The last remark could, of course, have been addressed to Thailand, but it would seem more reasonable to presume that it meant what it said – that Moscow was willing to contemplate the involvement of the United States itself in any escalation of the war. The passage is immediately followed by one of the lessons of the 1930s, which reinforces such an interpretation. Nor would such a threat be too adventurist, as the US had already made clear its own doubts about what China was now doing. By extending the duration of the offensive, Peking *was* beginning to risk its credit.

Washington Post reporter Hobart Rowen, who was evidently briefed when the Treasury Secretary returned home, gave the following glimpse of a 'high level' exchange between the new allies:

> In private conversation with Mr Teng, it was learned, Mr Blumenthal tried to suggest that the economic cost of a war against Vietnam might prove to be such a drain that it would interfere with China's modernisation plans. Mr Teng replied: 'All it means is that we'll lob a few more shells across the border.' Mr Teng is surrounded by a small group of assistants who laugh at his jokes and his skill in fending off hard questions.

We are not told if Blumenthal laughed with them. Perhaps he noted that Teng's phrase 'a few more shells' was an admission that he had been the aggressor all along.

For the Soviet Union the deadline was 2 March. Brezhnev was scheduled to give the 'election' address to his Moscow 'constituency' then; his first speech since the invasion. Either he would confirm the SALT talks or he would not, with consequences. On 28 February, the same day as the *Pravda* warning, Soviet Central Committee member Nikolei Inozemtsev declared in Mexico: 'The USSR will intervene militarily in Vietnam if the People's Republic of China continues its invasion.' In order not to be misunderstood by Hanoi, however, he added: 'Whenever Vietnam wants it, the USSR will intervene with arms in the conflict.'

Again, on 28 February, reports in Moscow quoted Soviet sources as saying that 'The Chinese have until 1 March'. This seems to have missed the attention of papers in the West, but it was run in Hong Kong under agency by-lines (and spotted by David Bonavia of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*).

Teng and company complied, no doubt with a few stormy Politbureau meetings over what they publicly claimed was a 'very unimportant affair'. On 1 March Li Hsien-nien was asked how the fighting was going and replied tamely: 'Well, it all depends on how you look at it.' He then went on to discuss negotiations. For a few, face-saving hours the Chinese held out, much as Khrushchev delayed the order to his missile ships that they should turn back from Cuba in 1963. Then, on 2 March, a message was reportedly transmitted to Hanoi informing them that Peking had agreed to withdraw. Perhaps Blumenthal forced the decision on Teng by declining to sign the claims settlement that opened the door to full economic relations between the US and China. Just 'a few minutes' before he left Peking, his takeoff was delayed and the agreement signed in the airport.

It was still early in the day, on 2 March, when the decision was telegraphed to Moscow. Brezhnev could make his speech in a suitably stately fashion, calling the new Strategic Arms Agreement 'a reasonable compromise' that was 'now close to completion', after he had demanded an 'immediate end to Chinese aggression'. He did not need to highlight the invasion or stake his prestige – the thing was over.

Two days later, apparently of their own volition, China's leaders publicly announced that the 'punishment' was complete, and they were withdrawing from Vietnam. They had thrown their men in desperation at the hills around Lang Son to give them the appearance of a military success. Meanwhile, Hanoi, knowing that the Peking armies were about to leave, was now free to escalate at a time and form of its choosing. It assembled an emergency session of its parliament and called for complete, national mobilization, ready to challenge the Chinese generals to a long war which they, the generals, has just been forbidden to fight. In fact, the Vietnamese armies were not unleased against the retreating Chinese troops. Only tactical harassment and shelling took place, it seems, during the withdrawal. This may also have been part of the diplomatic understanding.

Far from demonstrating the moral and military superiority implied in the idea of 'punishment', Peking emerged weaker in relation both to Hanoi and to Washington.

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London Diary

☐ Who will be the nastiest MP in the new House of Commons? I nominate Matthew Francis Parris, 29.

Mr Parris featured in a brilliant front-page scoop in last Friday's *Daily Mirror*. Evelyn Collingwood, a council tenant in Erith, had written to Margaret Thatcher pointing out that many council house tenants didn't want to buy their homes. The reply she got from Thatcher's private office was dictated by Mr Parris. 'Considering the fact', it concluded, 'That you have been unable to buy your own accommodation, you are lucky to have been given something which the rest of us are paying for out of our taxes.'

Mrs Collingwood passed the letter on to the *Mirror*, whose reporters contacted Mrs Thatcher. She discovered to her horror that council tenants have a vote in General Elections, and rushed an apology down to Mrs Collingwood. 'I was very upset indeed', she wrote, 'to read what was written on my behalf' (thus delicately passing the buck to her employee).

Mr Parris has not been sacked. On Monday I was told that he is still ('strictly') employed in Thatcher's private office. But now he has new council tenants to fry. On 12 March, six days after he had written his touching letter to Mrs Collingwood, he appeared before a selection conference which was choosing a Tory candidate for the safe seat of West Derbyshire. Three candidates had been short-listed: Joan Hall, a former MP for Keighly; Michael Howard, a cheerful London barrister who twice fought Liverpool, Edge Hill, at General Elections; and Mr Parris, who spent two years as a dogsbody in the Foreign Office and two years answering Margaret Thatcher's letters.

Parris won! And today there are at least a hundred Tories in and around Bakewell, Derbys., who are prepared to swear that Margaret Thatcher never lifted a finger to assist her preposterous protégé.

☐ Parris is no exception. When you start to think about the sort of people who will make up a Conservative government, you realise that the Tories really *can't* win the election. Imagine, for instance, the terrible twins from the *Financial Times*, Jock Bruce-Gardyne and Nigel Lawson, as junior Ministers at the Treasury. Bruce-Gardyne infuriated his leader the other day by spelling out in the *Daily Telegraph* where the Tories are going to get the £4,000m. they need to cut taxes. Jock wants to take it from pensioners, one-parent families, unemployed, council tenants and all kinds of other unsuspecting people who might otherwise have believed that taxes cut themselves automatically as soon as Tories are elected. Nigel Lawson, meanwhile, in another paper, was more cautious about his plans but everyone knows that Jock and Nigel have been singing the same tune for years ('It's the same the whole world over. It's the poor that gets the cuts. It's the former *Financial Times* journalists that get the gravy etc. etc. . . .').

Then there is another very clever fellow called Leon Brittan. He is a lawyer (though not a tax lawyer, and therefore quite unsuited to sit in a Thatcher cabinet). Has Mr Brittan got any bones? I only ask because he made a speech the other day which hardly got any publicity but which praised the 'concordat' between the government and the TUC. Poor Leon realises that as Minister of State for Employment in a Tory government, he will have to deal with the unions. He is frightfully bucked at the idea of the union leaders bashing their own organisations over the head with a concordat. But somebody ought to tell him that Margaret Thatcher wants to do the union-bashing herself. She was furious with Callaghan when he announced the Concordat. She called it a 'boneless wonder'. What will she call Mr Brittan?

☐ And now, an election competition. All you have to do is to fill in the blanks in the following official party programme.

'Between 19— and 19—, the —— government under Mr —— made a serious attempt to deal with some of the major structural problems of our economy in the face of a malevolent Opposition and of what turned out to be a world economic blizzard. As the energy crisis developed, we had taken the tough decisions that were necessary to ride out the storm. Monetary policy was sharply tightened. Unprecedented public spending cuts were announced. Restraint in wage bargaining was firmly pursued and widely approved. At the end of Mr ——'s government, our inflation rate differed little from that of our competitors,'

Answers. 70; 74; Conservative; Heath; Heath. The passage can be found in the Tory Party's policy statement, The Right Approach. But it would read just as smoothly in a manifesto in which the answers were 76; 79; Labour; Callaghan; Callaghan.

☐ Something rather odd is going on at the Lord Chancellor's department. A spokesman there confirmed to me that the allocation of government money for law centres has been underspent this financial year – by £23,000. The total amount set aside for law centres was only £335,000, so this is quite a hefty whack of it.

The department has been funding law centres since 1974 – as part of Labour policy. Five centres now get a grant – all in run-down areas where cheap law services are desperately needed – North Kensington, Tower Hamlets and Newham in London; Adamson in Cardiff and Saltley in Birmingham.

In the past year, all five law centres have been desperate for more money. Applications for small sums have been deflected or postponed. Now they find that £23,000 which should have come to them will stay in the Treasury. The people who staff these centres are convinced that the civil servants in the department who hate law centres because they provide legal services without making lawyers rich, are obstructing them all along the line. Lord Elwyn Jones, who is always making unctuous speeches in praise of law centres, should give them an answer.

☐ It's not every day you meet a Member of Parliament on the run, so I was delighted when John Maposa came to see me on Monday. For the past five years he has sat as black MP from Gwelo, Rhodesia – elected (twice) by the very few black people whom Ian Smith allowed to vote.

He is, by any definition, a moderate. He tells me he has always believed that black people in Rhodesia should participate in whatever democracy, however slender, was offered to them. His collaboration with Smith earned him a place high on the death list of the Patriotic Front guerrilla forces. At the same time, he wanted majority rule for his people as quickly as possible. He saw through the sham of the 'settlement' between Ian Smith and the three black parties which will be taking place in Rhodesian elections later this month. 'They will leave all the power that matters in the hands of the whites', he says.

So, on 23 March, in the dying hours of the last Parliament, he voted against the settlement. Two days later, government forces arrested his wife and charged her with aiding terrorists. She was acquitted by court martial after all the evidence against her was shown to be fabricated, but the government then closed down all John's businesses. He heard from a friend that his arrest and permanent detention were imminent, and escaped to London.

'I have learnt the hard way,' he tells me, 'that there is no moderate course for people who oppose the government. Either you support the government, or they lock you up.' John would like to talk to anyone in Britain who still believes that Smith and Co. are going to let go of their political and economic power without a fight.

☐ For most of last week a fierce black market raged all the way from Swiss Cottage to Cricklewood. It followed an early sell-out of tickets for the four performances of 'Joseph and His Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat' at Hampstead School. 25p tickets were selling at sums of up to £2. I got mine at the last moment in a manner far too scandalous to disclose here.

The show was a knock-out. The sheer exuberance of these young people, on and off the stage, infected even the most-gloomy and misanthropic parent. The things which most irritate high society about these huge London comprehensives are their greatest strengths – their aggressive self-confidence and their cosmopolitanism. The cast of millions, brandishing skin colours and hair styles of every conceivable variety, coped with rock, calypso, Maurice Chevalier-type nostalgia and 'ordinary' tunes which even I could understand, and made it seem part of all their traditions, which I suppose it is. Thanks to them, and I hope they make a world unfit for Rhodes Boyson to live in.

Paul Foot

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Mr Short holds an honours degree in economics from Queen's College Cambridge, is a member of Mensa, ex-secretary of the General and Municipal Workers white-collar branch at Whitbread East Pennines, and an ex-national director of the National Front. He was expelled from the Front in 1969 after an incident at a Colin Jordan meeting in Sheffield. He was also treasurer of the Sheffield Liberal Party for a period last year. – *The Guardian* (P. Hodson)

☐ A visitor from South Africa, arrested after driving into a police car, was fined £100 for refusing to give a blood sample because the police doctor was black. – *Brighton Evening Argus* (David Beere)

☐ Anna, former president of Manchester University Students' Union, joked: 'Being a Liberal, I find decision making difficult.' – *Daily Express* (Oliver Weindling)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Hart strikes back

Sir, As someone once said, 'if you can't take the heat, keep out of the kitchen'. I can take the heat most of the time. But to have a headline 'Paying for Genocide' above my photograph and that of a dead child is intolerable.

I do not readily take to putting my own record in print: the people in the third world who care know it. It is in my time that the Government cut off aid to Chile; cut off aid to Uganda; made sure that money helps refugees from Chile and Uganda and Southern Africa; that we topped the international list of contributions to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees; set up a Disaster Relief organisation to help in emergencies of flood, drought and famine; and developed a poverty-oriented strategy for development assistance – one of the first in the world.

Detailed views about Eritrea and whether or not governments should direct its help through international agencies or not are one thing. Your headline, and the statement that we are helping 'a war effort run by a discredited military junta and orchestrated by the Soviet Union' is another.

As Parliament knows, if you do not, we said a year ago that we would begin no new bilateral aid programme to Ethiopia; that we would complete the final stages of a project for rural water supply in one of the poorest areas; and that we would not extend our debt relief to Ethiopia – all on the grounds of concern for human rights. The remaining residual commitment was made under a 1973 arrangement, and confirmed in 1976 during the period of one of my predecessors who is no longer in the Labour Party. We are also providing £400,000 in the coming year (£300,000 in the financial year which has just ended) for refugee students from Ethiopia. You should not have given this issue that sick headline.

JUDITH HART

House of Commons
London SW1

Vietnam at the movies

Sir, John Pilger's splendid article about *The Deer Hunter* (NS 16 March) didn't go far enough. The movie is also a total lie about America. There is as little chance of that joyous steel town and its 19th century Russian peasant-type wedding as there is of Russian roulette gaming in Dorset. (Surely, if the essential idiocy of the film – the Russian roulette – ever existed in Vietnam, those of us who were there would have known about it and written about it.)

What makes me sick, above all, is the way the truly bad, the truly cheap win the praise, the money, the awards; in the cinema, it seems, the bad has finally driven out the good. As an American who reported from Vietnam in 1966, I share all of John Pilger's passionate anger about Vietnam and the current attempts to whitewash what America did to that country. It beats everything that the Vietnamese are now being *morally* blamed for cleaning out the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia. And my disgust with some of my countrymen for brushing Vietnam, all guilt, all responsibility, under the national carpet is beyond words. At Nuremberg, the Germans used to say, 'You can have these trials because you won the war; it doesn't mean anything.' They refused to believe even the photos of the concentration camps, saying the Russians had made them and faked them. They said, 'Of course, you can punish us. You won; you have the power.' They were right in a way, since there is no punishment for the United States; the US leadership, and the US government, are not obliged to make the least, most inadequate reparation, which is money. But the war in Vietnam remains a crime and a sin against all Vietnam and against all the American dead and maimed. No amount of fancy lying, like *The Deer Hunter*, will change that.

MARTHA GELLHORN

Church Cottage
East Morden
Wareham, Dorset

An honourable paper

Sir, The NEW STATESMAN is to be thoroughly congratulated on its coverage of Northern Ireland over the past years. Unlike other journals which have deserted the subject as unfashionable, its commitment to the truth in this matter has led it, especially in recent months, to return again and again to the province's troubles, giving as much of its limited space as possible to all shades of argument, submitting its own theses to public debate. It has clearly recognised the immense importance of the conflict there to British society, and to socialism, and has kept that recognition steadily in front of its readers.

It has done more than provide a forum, it has also made its own views plain. It stands four-square for Irish unity, and says so, and says why. It has devoted much patient time to pointing out the advantages to Protestants of becoming, ultimately, citizens of a liberal, tolerant unsectarian state which is the Irish Republic today, shown how their living standards would improve, their culture not only be preserved but enriched.

Further still, since it *is* a committed socialist journal, it has convincingly argued that the Protestant working class would find satisfaction for their aspirations in the powerful Irish labour movement and Labour party, and that progressive social legislation, long part of Irish statute, guarantees not just the formal, but has ensured the real equality of women, while underpinning their rights.

Yet perhaps of greatest value has been the journal's lack of equivocation, coupled with its grasp of the essence of politics and its ability to follow reasoning through to its consequences. Unlike others who might share its opinion but not its courage, it does not hide behind denunciations of British illiberalism coupled with occasional pious horror over the effects of IRA terror. It knows that without the consistent campaign waged by the Provisional IRA over the past decade, the national status of the province would not now be in the melting pot; that only by constant reminders of the urgency of the question, largely delivered by the IRA, are other less important matters like those of class, politics, welfare and employment held down; that direct rule which has the support of the majority of Protestants and Catholics is a deadly enemy of progress – and all this, too, it says.

Finally, its vision of the future which springs from its own clear imperatives for the present is a convincing one. The proposition that Protestants would swiftly recognise that, following British withdrawal, they would be Irish citizens and would proceed to make the best of it peacefully and constructively is of course right, as must be the NEW STATESMAN's estimation that the Dublin government will incorporate the formerly unionist community into the Irish body politic with its customary skill and tact. The real differences between the communities – once they are free of the deliberate meddling of a shrivelled Britain which has clung desperately to Ulster without once attempting to construct a base for an alternative politics – are insubstantial, as it has boldly proclaimed. The NEW STATESMAN has taught us all the old truth that 'he who will not learn from history is doomed to repeat it'.

JOHN LLOYD

44a Gore Road
London E9

Oily

Sir, In your issue of 16 March you published an article by Martin Bailey with the title: 'There is strong evidence that Shell is still supplying Rhodesia with oil.' On Friday 16 March we issued to the Press Association a statement as follows:

> Following an article appearing in the issue of the NEW STATESMAN dated 16 March, Shell International Petroleum Company stated: 'This article is headed "There is strong evidence that Shell is still supplying Rhodesia with oil." This assertion is false. We make no such supplies.'

The purpose of this letter is simply to ensure that this statement of denial has come to your attention. Copies of the statement have been sent by us to certain other newspapers.

K. A. V. MACKRELL

Shell Centre
London SE1

Martin Bailey writes: 'We make no such supplies,' say Shell. Yet not so long ago the chairman of Shell himself admitted that some of the company's products were reaching the rebel regime: 'A very small proportion of the products manufactured from crude oil supplied to Shell Oil South Africa may reach Rhodesia in the form of base lubricating oils,' Michael Pocock told the Bingham Inquiry. The quantity involved may represent 'A very small proportion' of the oil supplied to South Africa – since only about 7 per cent of South Africa's petroleum imports go on to Rhodesia – but it is probably a very large proportion of Rhodesia's requirements. The Shell lubricating plant, which was built at the Salisbury suburb of Willowvale, also blends lubricants for the other marketing companies in Rhodesia. This means that lubricants sold under the trademarks of BP, Mobil, Caltex and Total are also normally made from base stock processed at the Shell plant. Willowvale is therefore likely to be providing Rhodesia with virtually all its requirements of lubricants.

There are also some interesting stories attached to the building of the Shell lubricating plant. On 13 February 1969 Hugh Feetham, a Shell executive in London, wrote to Shell South Africa to point out that planning for the project had reached the stage at which Shell Rhodesia 'must have some Central Office advice'. But London was unwilling to actually send out a technical expert to Salisbury. Shell Centre therefore proposed that the expert should visit South Africa, and Shell Rhodesia could then send someone down 'in order to obtain the benefit of his know-how'.

It was also decided not to include the word 'Shell' in the name of the company that was formed to operate the plant. In March 1972 John Francis, another London-based Shell executive, visited Salisbury for discussions on the project. On his return he wrote a confidential aide-memoire which suggested that if 'Shell' was not included in the name of the new company then 'the publicity given outside Rhodesia to the Shell/BP investment in the Luboil plant would be minimised, thus saving the shareholders embarrassment elsewhere'. It was therefore proposed that the firm should be simply known as Rhodesian Oil Products (Pvt) Limited.

Haringey Schools

Sir, Nearly all the conversation Paul Foot (London Diary 23 March) had with me about the Haringey schools' closure was over more serious aspects than the gossip column trivialities he wrote up. Presumably, therefore, he does not dispute the basic strength of the case against closure.

The reason we discussed my son's education was Foot's opening remark to me that my son is at Highgate. Foot was obviously very disappointed to hear that he was wrong. Foot's assumption that MPs, of either party, who supported us live in Highgate is precisely that – his assumption.

T. W. MEADE

28 Cholmeley Crescent
Highgate
London N6

Easter Holiday

The NEW STATESMAN will be appearing 24 hours earlier than usual next week because of the Easter holiday.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Nothing Like a Dame

In a life which, though composed like anybody else's of sunshine and shadow and weal and woe and fair weather and less fair weather, has been highly enjoyable from the cradle to where I currently am, poised like some large and bedraggled wild goose awaiting the summons to flap off on the Final Migration, I have been unusually kindly treated by the human race in general and therefore have borne very few grudges, a souring and time-wasting pursuit at the best of times and one which I have long since abandoned. There were however two grudges that I did nurse for a year or so, both so small that they really qualify as grudgettes, and the first of them was directed at an actor called Tom Walls.

He had, as older playgoers will remember, a long nose and a thin black moustache and what was considered to be a 'naughty' eye and he tended to play racy rips and he, together with his co-star, the monocled, dithering and altogether brilliant Ralph Lynn, were the main stays of the long run of Aldwych farces in the 20s and early 30s. Although its meaning is different, I used the adjective 'racy' advisedly and in order to jog memories. Not for nothing did Mr Walls live at Epsom. In those days it was invariably to matinées (dress circle) that I was taken and, almost invariably, it was to Aldwych matinées that Mr Walls failed to turn up. The lure of the turf and of successful horse ownership was too great and though a programme note explaining his absence spoke deceitfully of 'indisposition', we all knew perfectly well that he was stoically recovering from this sudden illness at Sandown or Ascot or Kempton Park or wherever wasn't too far away for him to make the evening performance. This lack of consideration for the afternoon public was, I thought at the time and still do, less than praiseworthy, though I have forgiven it. Ralph Lynn's solicitous handling of the wretched understudy was, incidentally, always magical and masterly and one warmed to him all the more. How joyous to recall that the product being pushed in *It Pays To Advertise* was called '13 Soap. Unlucky for dirt,' and that the name of the suspect dwelling next to *Rookery Nook* was Malmaison Cottage.

My other grudgette, though I was never very clear about whom to direct it at and where responsibility lay, was that nobody thought to warn me, on leaving Oundle School, of the extraordinary freedoms that one was going to find happily awaiting one at Cambridge. Fresh from that splendidly law-abiding scholastic establishment in Northamptonshire, I had assumed that one seat of learning was very much like another (roll-calls and constant supervision and nose to the grindstone) and it took me quite some time to realise that if I failed to appear at one or other of the stupendously boring lectures then available for those reading modern languages, nobody would either know or care, the lecturers getting paid irrespective of the size of their audiences (and by jingo, wouldn't it have gingered up some of those dusty old dons if, like actors, they had had to depend on their own drawing power). Provided that one slept in one's bed, and was seen to have done so, the rest of the day was one's own and I could, ignoring the fact that a signed exeat was officially required, easily have whizzed on my bike to the station, boarded a train for London and have spent many a merry day there 'collecting' actresses.

Let me hastily explain, in case of unfortunate misunderstandings about my morals at the time. In the way that some others collected stamps or matchboxes or cigarette cards (there was an ornithological set called 'Curious Beaks', which would have done fine for Oundle School), I collected actresses, which merely meant sighting them off stage and in, so to speak, mufti. Bowling up the Strand in a No 9 bus, whom should I find myself seated next to in the mid-20s and on her way to that self-same Aldwych Theatre but Mary Brough, an entrancingly roly-poly character actress off to play either a puritanical landlady on the look-out for bogus honeymoon couples ('I am completely occupied') or a chatty 'daily' with a name such as Mrs Winkle. Then, if one lurked long enough outside Wyndham's stage door one could spot the enchanting Dorothy Dickson going in ('Good evening, Miss Dickson') for her performance in a thrilling Edgar Wallace play called *The Ringer*, a delightful lady who always ('Good evening, good evening') greeted one back. And in due course I was able to notch up the actress who was the toast of the town for twenty years, a highly prized object, the penny black of the theatre world, the most famous face (after Royalty) in Britain, that of Miss Gladys Cooper.

It was at Wimbledon and in the days when the frogs, and Tilden, were supreme. Kind friends had given me a centre court seat and this stunning vision, instantly recognised by all, came and sat in the row immediately behind me. It was a beauty so remarkable and unique that it had even been able, because she had a house there for a time, to make Frinton fashionable. Edith Evans, who was in an early play with her, said that she herself just stood in the wings night after night, staring at the loveliness ('She must have thought I was barmy'). At Wimbledon on this occasion, she pulled off the rather floppy felt hat she was wearing, shook her hair and held up that matchless face in the sun, while women all around sharply drew in their breath at the thought of the damage that might be being done to that wonderful peaches-and-cream complexion. By then Miss Cooper had, in theatre programmes and ladies' magazines and the welcoming windows of Selfridge's, astutely lent her name to various profitable face creams and lotions whose advertising copy was of doubtful accuracy and repays reading: 'My preparations are my own – the result of nearly eight years' careful study and experimenting. I have gone back to the days of Apothecaries and the Stillroom where, from Herbs and Flowers, such wonderful balms and lotions were compounded.' There then followed a sharp warning that rival creams, recommended by other actresses, might well lead to 'blackheads and enlarged pores', confidence being restored by a reference to 'my own laboratories', wherever they may have been.

Well, I had notched up Miss Cooper visually but it counted more if you could get the actress to speak and so I managed to drop a pen behind me and, in retrieving it, touched Miss Cooper's foot. I was all polite apology but alas, intent on Borotra's smashes, or so I told myself, she appeared not to have noticed. Those who wish to be reminded of her beauty and of her career have a treat in store – an excellent biography of her by her grandson, Sheridan Morley, and called, what else, *Gladys Cooper* (Heinemann: £8.50), jammed with charming photographs and fascinating facts. Born suitably enough in the same year as the Kodak, she was the most popular postcard beauty of all time and between 1905 and 1920 could be purchased in over four hundred assorted poses – peering from a roseclad cottage window, removing skates against some very improbable Alps, in golfing kit and clutching a putter, in a kilt and waving a dirk, reading a letter while a cat nibbled at her ankles, staring in surprise at a large horse, or just playing with a dog or holding a rake (garden). Mystified, like many other beauties (Vivien Leigh and Diana Wynward were examples), by all the fuss, and sometimes rather irritated by it all, she drifted on to the stage more or less by accident and, although highly professional, there has seldom been a less dedicated actress. Acting was just a job like any other and you made money or not, as the case might be ('or not' was, I am afraid, to be rather a frequent occurrence), and she remained throughout; as Farjeon said, 'A typically tennis-clubbable English Girl'.

Roger Woddis

Par for the Course

'The radiation level is what people would get if they played golf in the sunshine.' – A spokesman for the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

And after the game in the golden sunshine,
After we'd come to the eighteenth hole,
We wondered about these
goddam burn-marks,
And Chuck said to treat them with alcohol.

Laughing and lurching, we reached
the clubhouse,
Harry was hoarse with a lousy cough,
And aiming to prove I could hold my liquor,
I tried to stand up and my leg fell off.

Eddie made noises and sorta bubbled.
Harry said, 'Fellows, I'm feeling sick.'
Chuck was explaining how golf was harmless,
When Eddie turned blue and began to tick.

Then Harry threw up and said, 'I'm poisoned',
And I turned away from his melting face.
'What is your handicap, Chuck?'
He answered,
'I guess it is being a cancer case.'

After the game in the molten sunshine,
They switched off the 'phone at the NRC.
The ghosts playing golf now on Three
Mile Island
Are Harry and Eddie and Chuck and me.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Denis Donoghue

The Authority of Ruins

Samuel Beckett: the Critical Heritage edited by Lawrence Graver and Raymond Federman *Routledge* £8.95.

'Thanks I suppose, as the urchin said when I picked up his marbles.' The urchin's murmur, from *Molloy*, shapes itself by now as the natural reaction to books about Beckett. I wish I had said that, but it was said by Christopher Ricks in a glitter-review in the *Listener* 12 years ago, when he offered readers another sequin in the remark that Hugh Kenner's essay in some collection or other was 'half exposition, half Expo'. Books about Beckett tend to bring out the Danny LaRue factor in critics, presumably as a reaction to the air of woebegone chic which Beckett purveys when his prose is idling. Reviewing *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, and *The Unnamable* in *Encounter* in 1960, Frank Kermode, obviously wearied by the effort of producing six formidable pages about the trilogy, drew toward his close by saying, 'one may well allow these books to succeed in their determined attempt to defeat comment'. Defeat comment is precisely what they have not succeeded in doing, unless you merely mean that the relentless comment which has been made upon them, and continues to be made, is clearly defeated. But comment is meant to be defeated by works under examination. *Paradise Lost* has defeated comment just as effortlessly as Beckett's trilogy. If Kermode meant that there is no point in continuing to write about Beckett, his point has been lost on his colleagues and mine, as the new Critical Heritage volume shows.

Lawrence Graver and Raymond Federman have divided the dredging work between them, presumably on the basis that Federman has taken Paris as his territory, and Graver the Anglo-American scene, more or less. Most of the material is taken from reviews and essays; books have not been excerpted, presumably because of copyright problems and the stiffness of publishers. But the limitation is a problem. Much of Beckett's reputation has been made by weighty books addressed to undergraduates and graduates; he is very much an author for universities, mainly because his fame coincided with a period in which university students were encouraged to take their souls seriously and let the gravity issue in self-indulgent remarks featuring comparisons between their own feelings and those formulated in terms of Existentialism, Absurdism, Authenticity, and the like. You could keep students happy and yourself in reasonably high standing by conducting seminars on *Waiting for Godot* and the early fiction. These ostensibly weighty matters were conveyed mostly in books, though I agree that they spilled over into the magazines, including this one. In 1955 Vivian Mercier, who penned one of my favourite sentences about Beckett ('*Waiting for Godot* is a play in which nothing happens, twice'), told readers of the NEW STATESMAN that Beckett's fiction explores 'the nature of the self and the means by which a self is found, preserved, and annihilated'. True enough, but probably not to be said in front of the children. Beckett as Existentialist was a phenomenon of the 1950s: ten years later, Pritchett, Kermode, and other critics were supplying less exotic contexts for his work; Bergson, Proust, and Western anxiety generally about Time and its unruly cousins, Memory and Habit.

Federman and Graver have dredged well, and if you don't find your choice essay in this anthology, you will be consoled to find other work just as good if not better. The editors assume that Beckett's big day was January 5, 1953, when *Waiting for Godot* opened at the Théâtre de Babylone in Paris to the mixture of outrage, irritation, bewilderment, and professed rapture which marks an event in our time. Soon 'the most notorious question in modern drama' was on everyone's lips, audibly: 'Who is Godot?' Sylvain Zegel, uttering on everyone's behalf, answered that Godot 'might be happiness, eternal life, the ideal and unattainable quest of all men – which they wait for and which gives them strength to live on'. Yes, yes, Zegel, you may be right. Another answer, supplied by Kenner in 1961, was that 'Godot is the perpetual possibility of personal impingement on mechanism'. Forced into explicitness, this means that Didi and Gogo are Kenner's obsessive structure, a closed system, shuffling their few limited gestures and routines, and kept in motion by the possibility that their system may one day be opened by the intervention of a real live person. That seems interesting, doesn't it? Except that the most notorious question in modern drama doesn't seem particularly notorious after all. When did you last ask it? Or hear it asked? Or care how it was answered?

Now that Beckett seems to have given up writing books of standard length or plays of standard duration, he has passed with undue speed into legend. The plays and fictions are still around, potent if you let yourself feel their potency, but much of Beckett's reputation is secreted by his legendary presence. He coincides with his name, his famous face, the silence, privacy, gossip about his domestic arrangements, his telephone. He is as famous as Garbo, and for similar reasons. Eschewing publicity, he has been suffused with glamour. The legend put itself at risk recently by allowing Deirdre Bair into the apartment, notebook in hand: a lapse of judgment on Beckett's part, surely, though the consequences have not been grave. When people think of Beckett, these happy days, they think of a man or at least a figure, a shadow, Sam to those who claim to be on Sam terms with him: generally, though, they think of a secretive presence somewhere in Paris or pottering about a garden somewhere in the provinces, his eyes containing multitudes of experiences, sorrows, dark jokes. A writer begins with his work, plans to replace himself by the work: the work causes a fuss, a *frisson*, and soon the work is replaced by the man, sooner still if he has resisted this fate. Some writers, their best work finished, allow themselves to become personalities, letting publicity take over from the typewriter: Truman Capote, trading his emotions for the glamour of dining at Elaine's and exhibiting himself on TV at the leering nudge of David Susskind. But privacy is not immune to the temptation of glamour, especially if it presents itself as a superior form of glamour, an aura attendant upon masks, absences, unanswered letters, and the like.

Some of this situation gets into the essays collected by Federman and Graver: mostly as interviews with the great man. At this stage it takes a strong stomach to read how Alan Schneider, say, tracked Beckett down, what ensued, what (little enough) was said. Mostly on such occasions Beckett merely said that he never read the philosophers because he couldn't understand them. I think I could have guessed as much. Kermode is fully justified in pointing to Bergson and other Time-men, but he doesn't claim that Beckett has studied these masters. My own feeling is that the main influence upon Beckett's work was his own body, mostly a thing of frailty, eruptions, boils, bad eyes. If a man is sick, he has his own vision of things: if the sickness is often revolting, his vision takes that too into account. A wretched body doesn't need many ideas: it gets along better with accordant gestures, Stoic jokes, and a language hospitable to its moods.

A point that arises from the Federman and Graver account of Beckett's reception is that the French critics were on to Beckett much earlier than the English, and that they knew, far more clearly than the English, what he was up to. Nadeau, Blanchot, Pouillon, Lemarchand, and Mayoux: these men were attending, unbewildered, to Beckett at a time when his work was causing consternation and Colonel Blimpery in London and New York. Who in England or America in 1951 wrote anything as useful on *Molloy* as Georges Bataille's article in *Critique*? Quoting the passage about 'the long sonata of the dead', Bataille said that:

> this is not a school's manifesto, not a manifesto at all but one expression, among others, of movements that go beyond any school and that want literature, finally, to make language into a facade, eroded by the wind and full of holes, that would possess the authority of ruins.

Four years later Philip Toynbee was telling readers of the *Observer* that 'Mr Beckett is a very clever writer and often a very funny one (though *Molloy* lacks the brilliant and saving humour of *Godot*): he is skilful and authoritative and we may feel quite sure that whatever he does is what he meant to do'. God, I'm glad we got that established.

On the whole, the weekly reviewers don't show up well in this volume. Like Toynbee, they took the twitching of their sensibility too seriously. Kenneth Tynan cheered for *Waiting for Godot*, thought *Endgame* 'an analysis of the power-complex', no less, and switched off when he came to *Krapp's Last Tape*. Harold Hobson brought out his bejewelled prose for *Godot* and *Endgame*. What T. C. Worsley, J. C. Trewin, and their colleagues wrote, the reader may discover by buying the present

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book. Academic critics had the advantage of a few weeks more in which to think and read: there are fine essays by Northrop Frye, Kermode, Kenner, good books by John Fletcher and others. I keep coming back to Kermode's essay because it's very odd. The first pages are beautifully written, helpful, learned; they do well by Beckett, until suddenly Kermode adverts to Yvor Winters's sentences about the fallacy of imitative form, the notion that chaos can only be chaotically expressed. And then, like a shot off a shovel, he produces C. P. Snow, for no discernible reason save that Kermode has been reading *The Affair*. A paragraph of improbable mediation between Snow, D. H. Lawrence, and Beckett leads Kermode to a bizarre conclusion. 'On the whole', he reports, 'we find life disappointing rather than desperate; and so, in a sense, Snow, who asks us to throw ourselves into no special posture to read him, is more concerned than Beckett with what daily concerns us.' If this means that Beckett doesn't take much interest in struggles for power in Senior Common Rooms, the point may be conceded. 'It is only by an effort of will that we can cease to be interested in what interests him [Snow].' True enough: if I'm up for a Chair, questions of Time and Eternity will have to be postponed till the votes are counted. '*Sub specie temporis* Snow's Combination Rooms say more to us than Beckett's wet and windy plains, his grovelling exiles.' No, Frank, I draw the line here. Snow's Combination Rooms say nothing to us worth listening to; we know such things already from precisely our native wheeling and dealing for Chairs, contracts, invitations. If Snow is supposed to gain a point here and Beckett to lose one, the same argument could be used against Aeschylus, Milton, or Kermode's favourite poet, Wallace Stevens.

While adverting to oddities in the criticism of Beckett, I mustn't forget Empson's letter to the *TLS* (March 30, 1956). His point was that *Waiting for Godot* tries to make us feel 'only exacerbated impotence about the world', and that the reason has much to do with Beckett's early years in Ireland, where 'the religious training of children is particularly fierce'. A child in Ireland, according to Empson,

> is brought up to believe that he would be wicked and miserable without God; then he stops believing in God; then he behaves like a dog with its back broken by a car, screaming and thrashing on the public road, so that a passer-by can only wish for it to be put out of its misery.

Surely, Empson concludes, 'we need not admire this result: the obvious reflection is that it was a very unfairly risky treatment to give to a child'. But an equally obvious reflection is that Empson is talking sinister nonsense. If he thinks that Beckett was brought up to believe anything of the kind, he should now consult Ms. Bair's book and discover that no such notions could possibly have entered Beckett's mind in his upper-class Protestant Foxrock home. Where is Beckett supposed to have come upon a particularly fierce religious education, traipsing between Protestant Foxrock, Protestant Portora, and Trinity College, Dublin? Empson's hatred of Christianity is a tiresome business, especially since what he hates is not Christianity but a monster spawned by his need to hate something.

I mustn't end on a surly note. Better to quote Beckett. There is a wonderful sentence, he says, in Augustine. 'Do not despair; one of the thieves was saved. Do not presume; one of the thieves was damned.' That sentence, Beckett says, 'has a wonderful shape: it is the shape that matters'. And Beckett draws the distinction between himself and Kafka, that Kafka's form is almost serene, it seems to be threatened all the time but the consternation is in the form: 'in my work there is consternation behind the form, not in the form.' That's worth thinking about.

Godfrey Hodgson

Old Soldier

American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur 1880-1964 by WILLIAM MANCHESTER *Hutchinson* £9.95

It was MacArthur's glory and his fate – it is hard to write about the man without falling into the somewhat grandiloquent style that came naturally to him – to live the life of a 19th-century Hero in the century of the Common Man. From his earliest exploits as a subaltern in the Philippines and as a spy behind the Mexican lines at Vera Cruz right up to the Inchon landing, when he splashed ashore with his Marines under enemy gunfire at the age of 70, he was always the bravest of the brave. Sometimes in the South Pacific he deliberately marched, head up and corncob pipe in mouth, so far beyond his own perimeter that Japanese snipers, jaws sagging, got him in their sights and then forgot to shoot.

From the day when he went to Washington to testify to a congressional committee about the brutality he had been subjected to as a cadet at West Point, he had the romantic egotism and audacity of one of Stendhal's young men. When he left the beleaguered garrison on Corregidor and escaped to organise, almost single-handed, the defence of Australia, and again when he landed, almost unescorted, in defeated Japan, he seemed a Man of Destiny in Napoleonic mould, able both to embody and to shape decisive historical forces.

Some of his strategic strokes were truly Napoleonic, too – the Inchon landing itself, for example, deep in the enemy's rear, or the bold leapfrog 1,000 miles west along the north coast of New Guinea to Hollandia, bypassing the main Japanese forces in the theatre deep in his own rear. And his great peacetime achievement in Japan, where he personally wrote the Constitution, and insisted on free trade unions (more or less), on a free press, civil liberties and equal rights for women, may one day be acknowledged as not less significant than Napoleon's legal and administrative legacy to France. 'Protector of Australia; Liberator of the Philippines; Conqueror of Japan; Defender of Korea.' That was the legend John Kennedy had inscribed on a gold medal for the old soldier long after he had faded away. Kennedy liked a touch of grandiloquence himself. But it is a proud legend, and not wholly untrue.

Yet even at the height of his glory, MacArthur had outlived the age of heroes. For all the brilliance of his campaigns, the war against Japan was won by the flat-tops at the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway, by the sheer weight of American economic power, and by strategic bombing, not by MacArthur. No doubt neither Harry Truman, nor George Catlett Marshall, nor Dwight D. Eisenhower was MacArthur's intellectual equal. Yet each of the three, whom MacArthur rather too openly despised as a hack politician, a prosaic staff planner and a plodding political general respectively, had in truth grasped the realities of the modern world more clearly than he had.

In their trial of strength over Korea, there was perhaps rather more to be said for some of MacArthur's arguments than it has been fashionable to say. For example, it was MacArthur who insisted that the Soviet Union would not fight for China in the Far East, and Acheson who said that it would. MacArthur was right about that. But on the central issue, the civilian control of the military, Truman was dead right, and MacArthur was dead wrong. It was Marshall's (and Truman's, Kennan's and Acheson's) system of alliances, not MacArthur's wild schemes of nuclear blackmail, that offered the more rational hope of maintaining peace. And in the end it was the plodding Eisenhower, not the Murat of the South Pacific, who rode off with the prize MacArthur had coveted most of all for so long: the White House.

Indeed, before that ultimate rejection at the Republican convention, the MacArthur tragedy had already crossed over into farce. It is hard now, reading the maudlin rhetoric of the 'Old Soldiers Never Die' speech, to understand just how hard-headed senators and congressmen could possibly have been moved to tears by it. By the summer of 1952, the spell, if not the old soldier, had faded away. The Republican politicians chattered noisily through more fustian MacArthur oratory in the convention's keynote speech, and turned with relief to Eisenhower. Long before that, in truth, the bubble, glory, had burst with the sound of a small Bronx cheer. William Manchester tells a nice wry anecdote about a state visit to a New York baseball game. As the MacArthurs rose to leave, the band sycophantically played 'Old Soldiers'. A fan with a Bronx accent called out, 'Hey! Mac! How's Harry Truman?' The bleachers exploded with the goodnatured derision that greets a bishop skidding on a banana skin.

On the first page of this fine biography, William Manchester calls MacArthur a 'thundering paradox of a man', and so he was. But the deeper interest of his book, for me, lay in its drawing attention to a paradox about the United States. The paradox is that it is, and has always been, a more profoundly military society than Americans are willing to admit. Yet it remains a more profoundly civilian society than the American military or their allies in Congress and elsewhere understand.

Douglas MacArthur and his father between them lived through the whole American military experience, from the bloody heroics of Missionary Ridge at Chattanooga in 1863, where Arthur MacArthur led the legendary charge of the 24th Wisconsin, through Indian fighting in the West to colonial wars in the Philippines and Mexico, right up to the temptation to use nuclear weapons and beyond. The father never wavered in his belief in the heroic simplicities of patriotism. The son lived to urge the use of nuclear weapons against China, and then to do his best to dissuade Kennedy from the disastrous adventure in Vietnam. At the end of his life, he said he was convinced that war was never justified. But

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the implications for his life work do not seem to have greatly troubled him.

It is easy to forget, under the influence of the New Deal orthodoxy of modern American patriotism, that the United States was born on the battlefields of the War of Independence, preserved on the battlefields of the Civil War, and won its pre-eminence as a superpower on the battlefields of two world wars. It is even easier to forget that American economic power was created by the Marines and the US Cavalry in the 19th century, as well as by the sodbuster and the industrious apprentice. The military tradition in the United States is powerful, even today. It is an aristocratic tradition, cherished until the last 20 years by a tiny handful of army and navy families, like the MacArthurs. Even today, the Populist in the White House is an Annapolis graduate, beneficiary of an 18th-century tradition of privilege and élitism. But however it has fought its battles, in politics its tradition is defensive. The shining rhetoric of militarism has always held some magic for American democracy. Yet it has also so far always, mercifully, proved vulnerable to the robust antidote of the Bronx cheer, and the relieved laughter of the crowd.

John Campbell

Minuteman

The Crossman Diaries: Selections from the Diaries of a Cabinet Minister, 1964-1970 edited by Anthony Howard *Hamish Hamilton/Cape* £8.95 and *Magnum* £2.50

The sensation aroused by the first volume of the Crossman diaries in 1975 has now abated. The arguments which raged at two levels – one, the serious constitutional debate about open government and the 30-year rule; the other, the still more emotive question of personal loyalty and the morality of publishing private confidences – have died away, resolved by the brute fact that Crossman (the man has become his book, like Pepys or Gibbon or Erskine May) exists. In less than five years he/it has become a classic, part of the furniture of political science and contemporary history.

The writs and injunctions are in the past. His legality grudgingly conceded, Crossman is now a publisher's dream – a rich goldmine capable of infinite exploitation in packages of differing size and weight, like the Oxford Dictionary or the Bible. After the three-volume master edition (and even that, alarmingly, was an abridgement) we now have, in hard cover and paperback, the Shorter Crossman, an expert reduction job by Anthony Howard but still a very substantial book. We can surely soon expect the Concise Crossman and the Pocket Crossman, containing only the gossip and the juicier character-sketches; and finally, perhaps, a series of booklets full of titillating quotes for Tory speakers: Crossman on Callaghan, Crossman on Tony Benn ('an intellectually negligible whizz-kid'), or Crossman on the art of gerrymandering. And this is only juggling with the raw material. Think of all the commentaries, exegeses and doctoral theses ('Class and the intellectual in the diaries of Richard Crossman') that the industry must have in store.

The question, then, is no longer whether he should have kept his diary, or whether it should have been published: Crossman has triumphed posthumously over Sir John Hunt's polite conventions, and he will never lie down – nor they stand up – again. The only question now is his usefulness to history, and though historians will naturally use the complete diary, the appearance of this first spin-off edition offers a suitable opportunity to attempt a premature estimate.

The answer seems likely to be that Crossman is almost too useful. The diary is unquestionably a marvellous primary source, offering an unrivalled close-up of the Wilson Government from its formation to its fall. Of course, it is a highly personal view, limited both by the vast amount that Crossman, as one departmental Minister among 20, could not see and by the extreme egocentrism of his reactions to what he did see. But this is in the nature of diaries: we think we know how to handle them – sceptically, making allowance for prejudice and self-deception, testing them on every subject but the writer's own soul against other evidence. The danger with Crossman is, first, that his diary is so exceptionally full, and second, that it exists, so far as we know, in a comparative vacuum.

This is due above all to the decline of letter-writing. There have always been political diarists. But the historian of the earlier decades of this century is not dependent for direct, informal, inside testimony, unspoiled by hindsight, on these few self-selected and self-serving witnesses, because of the civilised habit of all politicians, up to perhaps 30 years ago, of writing letters to one another where their present-day successors would telephone. Their papers are full of political correspondence – lengthy strategic appreciations and hasty tactical scribbles, often unavailingly marked 'Burn this letter'. (Some presumably were burned, but many fortunately survive.) Moreover, several leading figures wrote almost daily to their mothers, wives and sisters, and practically everyone had friends or colleagues abroad who needed to be kept informed. How much of this sort of private correspondence, below the semi-official level of inter-Ministerial minutes, survives from the Wilson years? Very little, one would imagine, which casts the Crossman diaries into dangerous isolation as a contemporary record of candid opinion, calculation, plots and rumours.

Crossman is so full of all these things, and is so persuasive from his own particular point of view, that it is going to be practically impossible for historians in the future to escape his influence. His account may be disputed and even disproved on many points of detail; his general judgments may be dismissed by his colleagues from Harold Wilson downwards as naïve, arrogant or just brilliantly wrong-headed; but all these criticisms will be either too broad or too narrow to discredit the whole immense canvas of his work. Because there can be no other record combining such depth with such texture, such thoroughness with such quotable plausibility, Crossman will determine to an extent unprecedented in modern political scholarship the terms in which the history of the Wilson Government is written.

This cannot be healthy. While historians, as much as journalists, will want to applaud the pioneering spirit with which Crossman drove his coach-and-horses through the Official Secrets Act, they will wish that he could have taken a few of his colleagues with him in a regular cavalry charge. Until all Ministers find the time and the introspection to dictate such diaries, there will be a danger that the one who does will wrench the record too far his way. Of course, if Cabinet minutes were fuller, that would help. One is almost driven to feel that Richard Nixon, for whatever twisted reason of his own, had the right idea with his White House tapes.

Hermione Lee

Unfair Shares

The Sadeian Woman by ANGELA CARTER *Virago* £5.95 and £1.95

Few women would feel inclined to treat the Marquis de Sade with affectionate familiarity. But Angela Carter is neither ordinary nor timid, and one of the strategies of her assertive and sophisticated book is to speak of Sade as though she had him in her pocket. 'Give the old monster his due', she says with rough friendliness about his invitation to women 'to enjoy all the pleasures that Nature made your duty'. 'The affair enchants me', she comments on the story of Sade's encounter with a beggar-woman who blackmails him for having whipped her. The tone is one of intellectual relish as rational and refined as the tastes of those coprophiliac libertines in *The 120 Days at Sodom*, 'veritable connoisseurs of the turd', as she wittily describes them.

That she should be writing on Sade with this kind of cool pleasure is not surprising. Her own fictions, particularly *The Passion of New Eve* and *Fireworks*, demonstrate a long-standing interest; in one sense *The Sadeian Woman* is an acknowledgment of influence, In a story from *Fireworks*, a life-size female puppet, 'a monstrous goddess . . . the quintessence of eroticism', comes alive and destroys her creator, slinking off in the night to the town's nearest brothel to act out the fantasies of power for which she was devised:

> She utilised a baroque apparatus of funnel, humiliation, syringe, thumbscrew, contempt and spiritual anguish; to her lovers, such severe usage was both bread and wine and a kiss from her cruel mouth was the sacrament of suffering.

Sade's Juliette is her ancestress. But now the monstrous puppet is in revolt against the string-pulling male, and the woman writer revenges herself on Sade by usurping his fantasies.

There is nothing revolutionary, however, in Angela Carter's recognition of Sade's work as 'instrumental in shaping aspects of the modern sensibility'. Sade's influence on Baudelaire and Genet has always been apparent, and French structuralist criticism has for some time appreciated the extremism of his erotic philosophy. Ronald Hayman writes in his biography of Sade:

> It is only prejudice and historical myopia that has denied him his importance as an originator of the alienated art in which case-history is insepar-

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able from *oeuvre*: Sade, Baudelaire, de Nerval, Lautréamont, Rimbaud, Artaud, Genet . . . Barthes regards Sade's novels as great classics.

Angela Carter's extension of this by now traditional praise of Sade is her claim for him as a subversive pornographer, a 'terrorist of the imagination' who 'put pornography in the service of women, or, perhaps, allowed it to be invaded by an ideology not inimical to women'. Most pornography, she begins by saying, is reactionary and consolatory because it deals with archetypal images which divorce sex from its social context. But sex is not universal, a-historical, abstracted, as pornography would have it.

> We do not go to bed in simple pairs; even if we choose not to refer to them, we still drag there with us the cultural impedimenta of our social class, our parents' lives, our bank balances, our sexual and emotional expectations . . .

Sade is a revolutionary because, at a time of revolution, he used his aristocratic libertines in a satirical critique of exploitation: 'He describes sexual relations in the context of an unfree society as the expression of pure tyranny.' The Sadeian woman is either the political victim of sexual violence, or, whip and dildo in hand, she adopts the policies of male tyrant, and becomes a monster.

In the long (and rather self-indulgent) descriptions of Sade's fictions which take up most of this short book, Angela Carter expands on these unhappy alternatives. Justine (heroine of *Justine, or the Misfortunes of Virtue*) is the pure victim: passive, apathetic, obedient, whose unreasoning belief in virtue is a perpetual invitation to violence. Justine is said 'to mark the start of a kind of self-regarding female masochism', to stand behind the favourite image of the 'celluloid brothel', as exemplified by Marilyn Monroe. She is the Good Bad Girl (a term borrowed from Leslie Fiedler) born to suffer, comically unaware of her own eroticism, and hopelessly tender-hearted. In dialectical relationship to the inevitable misfortunes of virtue stands the successful career of Justine's sister, the innately vicious Juliette, who quickly learns to adapt the 'credo of bourgeois individualism' to her own ends, and who, through the practice of self-help and free enterprise, becomes 'the type of criminal female libertine who has cauterised the wounds of her own castration and become a source of pure power'.

Angela Carter eloquently demonstrates Sade's virtues as a free-thinker: the egalitarianism implicit in his enthusiasm for interchangeable rituals of domination, the revolutionary potential of his satire on the virtuous, obedient 'Christian' woman and on motherhood. But she also provides an interesting and subtle critique of Sade's intellectual limitations, which make him, in the end, the enemy of freedom. There is, first, the unresolved contradiction between his belief in moral relativity (crime is 'a matter of geography and opinion', he says in *Justine*) and his absolutist theory of innate vice and virtue. With characteristic bravado, Angela Carter describes an appalling scene in Sade's *Philosophy in the Boudoir* as an instance of his not going far *enough*. Eugénie (another Juliette) rapes her mother, has her whipped and impregnated by a syphilitic, then sews up her vagina. But what Sade cannot do, in his 'pornographised description of the antipathy between mothers and daughters', is to allow the mother any sexual gratification. She must only suffer, because Sade can't envisage the possibility of freedom from one's own nature, a world in which the virtuous might be free to become vicious.

Nor, secondly, can he conceive of *reciprocal* sexual relations. Pleasure, in the Sadeian universe, 'may never be shared, or it will be diminished'. The orgasm is an isolated experience: there can be no partners, only accomplices or victims. The book suddenly leaves off by saying that such 'terror of love' is the enemy to liberation; it ends with a corroborating quote from Emma Goldman: 'If partial emancipation . . . is to become complete . . . it will have to do away with the ridiculous notion that to be loved . . . is synonymous with being slave or subordinate'.

This abrupt ending is in keeping with the rather irritating high-handedness of the text, which is prone to brash formulations like 'kitschification' and which, though authoritative, has lapses into careless repetition and unfocused changes of direction. But as a concluding statement it is deeply disconcerting. A complex and ambitious analogy has been sustained between Sade's satires on sexual exploitation and the constrictive effects of a bourgeois social economy on our sexual roles and assumptions. The invocation of 'Love' as a final solution seems a breathtakingly conventional simplification, an appeal to those same immutable universals which the book has earlier rejected with so much scorn. If sex is still, as it was for Sade, a mode of power politics, then how is 'the right to love and be loved' to cut free of this? The terms of the book require that the question be answered, rather than left to us.

John Keegan

Heart of Darkness

In Limbo: The Story of Stanley's Rear Column
by TONY GOULD *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95

An individual's past is his own, which he must live with as he can. But a people's past is largely what they make of it. And the British, whose past of the last two hundred years is as much imperial as anything else, seem to have decided to remember their Empire as a creation and society of gentlemen. Like Hannay coming home in the Cotswold gloaming to his ineffably docile Mary, a bounce in his stride, a string of fresh-caught trout in his creel and a conscience as clear as the morning air on the high veldt, they have in a single lifetime put out of mind all that was savage, rapacious, greedy and cruel in their reddening of half the populated globe. Just as the stuffy oppressiveness of the Dual Monarchy dissolves now into a soft glow of Biedermeier, the Raj, won by the sword, translates mistily at 30 years' distance into a vision of Gothic pinnacles among the Simla pines.

Yet there was another Empire. Port Out, Haileybury and Balliol may have peopled the first-class. But down in steerage there was a crowd with their way to make in the world, young Richard Hannays bound for the Big Hole on the Rand, their Cotswold manors not yet even a gleam in the eye, and others rougher than that who would have been hard put to lay a broken fingernail on the road from the Gorbals to Gloucestershire. Behind the high-minded paladins of the imperial idea, the Northcotes and Curzons, stand the men of blood, the Sleemans and Hodsons. And 50 years further down the queue, jostling for their place in the sun, stand the gold rushers, ivory hunters and undercover slavers of the scramble for Africa.

The scramble was from the start a rush for the fait accompli. For the roughs of the late Victorian Empire knew that the liberal conscience had their number and would if it could deny them their share of the dark continent. 'And then you know, Mr Speaker' – Gladstone in the Commons, 7 May 1877 –

> that any additions to our territory are always perfectly innocent. Sometimes they may be made not without bloodshed. But that is not our fault; it is only due to the stupidity of those people who cannot perceive the wisdom of coming under our sceptre. We are endowed with a superiority of character, a noble unselfishness, and inflexible integrity which the other nations of the world are too slow to recognise.

Stanley, another master of language, would have enjoyed the irony, for he had no illusions about himself or what he wanted. But he would have been grateful, too, for the warning, since he played his cards closer to his chest than Gladstone and played to win.

Stanley's extraordinary career has no parallel either in the 19th or 20th century. An illegitimate Scot who had worn both blue and grey in the American Civil War, changing his name and nationality in the process, he had by the late 1880s already made three world reputations, as a great journalist, the 'rescuer' of Livingstone and the architect of Leopold's private empire in the Congo. In 1885, temporarily at a loose end, he was about to embark on the fourth and perhaps most dramatic passage of his career. Emin Pasha, Gordon's Lieutenant on the Equatorial Nile, was believed isolated and threatened by the armies of the Mahdi which had slain the soldier-saint at Khartoum in January. Gladstone's protestations notwithstanding, the Conservative government yielded to public demand ('Having betrayed the master, we might as well exert ourselves a little to save the man') to rescue Emin, and put no obstacles in the way of a committee which appointed itself to see the task through. Naturally enough, its choice of rescuer fell on Stanley, who was experienced, available – and a member of the committee. The committee was, in fact, a scarcely veiled cover for the activities of the Imperial British East Africa Company, with which it shared a chairman, William Mackinnon. His ambition was to annex what is now Kenya, and was then the catchment area of the Sultan of Zanzibar's slaving state, for the British Empire and his company's trade.

Stanley stood to do well out of the connection. But he had another with his old master, Leopold, by which he was still bound. Adept

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t a double game, he proceeded to agree an rrangement which might satisfy all three par-es but would certainly profit him. It was that e should approach the Upper Nile overland om the mouth of the Congo. This quadrupl-ıg of the distance to be covered was publicly ıstified by the need to lead the Zanzibari orters homeward if they were not to desert n route, but privately by an undertaking that e would try to enlist Emin, when found, as overnor of an extension of the Leopoldian mpire into the Nile region. Should the trick ork, he would combine the triumph of his rst and second African expeditions and add) it the rewards of Mackinnon's gratitude.

But its working required the division of the ourney into stages, and in particular the stablishment of a Rear Party base half way own the Congo river. Arrived there in June 886, Stanley disembarked the greater part of is stores and pushed on, promising to be back ı four months if not caught up by the Rear arty, which he left in the charge of five uropeans. These were Edmund Musgrave arttelot, Royal Fusilier major and brother of baronet, John Troup, a general's son and fficial of Leopold's private empire, Herbert Vard, a roving artist, James Jameson, a aturalist and grandson of the distiller, and Villiam Bonny, an ex-sergeant who was egarded by himself but not by the others as a entleman-ranker. Their joint mission was to afeguard the stores, keep what porters they ad together and recruit more from the Arabs ho ran an unofficial empire of their own in ıe region, partly for and partly in competi-on with Leopold.

The fate of this party is briefly told. Stanley id not return in November. Tippu Tib, the rab emperor, would not or could not find orters. So the five sat in camp, progressively rucified by boredom, heat, malnutrition and ıncour. Barttelot, the chief, relieved his feel-ıgs chiefly by the relentless imposition of ıvage discipline on the porters. Jameson, his lose friend, collected birdskins and beetles ntil carried off as a result of the malnutrition hich killed the Africans by the dozen each assing month. Ward escaped on a pretext, to ecome a successful artist. Troup was evacu-ted sick. When Stanley returned in August 887, 15 months after his departure, he found Barttelot murdered and the camp commanded y Bonny, the only member of the party who ad not recorded in meticulously detailed ournals the hatreds they had all (with the ıoble exception of Jameson) felt for each ther during their terrible and pointless wait.

It is out of this deeply depressing material hat Tony Gould has constructed his book. It annot be said that its melange of cannibalism, orced concubinage, summary execution, nreasoning regimental rages and petty ealousies pursued for months on end is xactly uplifting. But it conveys in the end a ense of what the ordeal may have inflicted on hose who underwent it. And it has an ppropriate twist in the tail. Bonny, the nearly nan of empire, representative of a whole ubmerged and unchronicled tribe of would-e Captain Grimeses, became the last charge n the philanthropy of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Located in 1898 by a *Daily Mail* eporter, his story was headlined THROUGH DARKEST AFRICA – A LONG WAY ROUND TO THE WORKHOUSE and this allusion to Stan-ey's own beginnings evoked from readers ome indignation and from Stanley a cheque or £10.

Patricia Craig

Back to Reality

The Price of Coal by BARRY HINES *Michael Joseph* £4.95
In a Yellow Wood by GORE VIDAL *Heinemann* £4.50
The Coelacanth by ROSALIND BRACKENBURY *Harvester* £4.95
Byzantine Honeymoon by PHILIP GLAZE-BROOK *Gollancz* £5.95

A royal visit to a coal mine is a proper subject for satirical treatment and this, brought down to the lowest possible register of feelings generated about the matter, is what it gets from Barry Hines. *The Price of Coal* is actually a re-working of two television plays ('Meet the People' and 'Back to Reality'), and many of the simplifications inherent in that medium are retained. Narrative comment is kept to a minimum, and a few descriptions and linking passages are inserted: that is all. The most important aspects of this novel are the dialogue and the fine sense of the ridiculous which informs it. Accurate transcription, which anyway we expect in realistic fiction, is just a gloss on this.

The inhabitants of the streets around Milton Colliery in South Yorkshire are plain people who go about their daily business without fuss; only when an official visit from the Prince of Wales is projected does a kind of communal lunacy take over. It's necessary to make the pit presentable and this involves an injudicious and hurried expenditure of public funds: a muckstack has to be re-contoured and grassed, a small garden planted and new carpets and wash-basins installed. The improvements rapidly assume a quality of the surreal ('In the pit bottom a miner was fitting a little pair of velvet curtains to the wall') as the details of the bureaucratic excesses are pursued down to the brick jammed underneath a window-frame which receives a coat of paint to make it unobtrusive. Naturally many of the workers are uneasy to find themselves caught up in the ballyhoo, but there's an attitude of slightly cynical tolerance which enables them to enjoy the preparations without undue loss of socialist credibility: 'When He's gone, what's been done will still be there won't it? It'll be us that'll benefit from it in the end.' The flaws in this argument are apparent only to radicals like Syd Storey, the author's spokesman in so far as he stands for principled common sense. Syd understands, but can't quite articulate, the inappropriateness of an event which jeopardises the dignity of everyone.

Miners and their families constantly live with the threat of a pit disaster, the subject of the second novella, 'Back to Reality'. The essence of reality is located, for full dramatic effect, in the aftermath of an explosion, with men trapped underground and rescue parties held up by fallen rubble. This extreme situation appropriately balances the frivolous undertone of 'Meet the People', where the reader is subtly directed to relish the absurdity of it all. *The Price of Coal* is a rare novel that stands out because of its brave unpretentiousness. Its literary virtues are the basic ones of moderation and clarity.

In a Yellow Wood was first published in America in 1947 when the country was experiencing a post-war mood of flatness and ennui. It's the rather glum story of a young man, lately released from the army, who equates survival and progress with the suppression of an emotional faculty. Robert Holton is determined to be a stockbroker and nothing, not even the reappearance in his life of a voluptuous young woman from Florence, will divert him from this fixed course. The author is relentless in exposing the humdrum fantasies and illusions of a handful of subsidiary characters who surround his protagonist. The title, which is taken from a Frost poem ('Two roads diverged in a yellow wood . . .') denotes a simple moral choice which doesn't allow a great deal of scope for artistic manoeuvre. Unlike *The Price of Coal*, the limits set in this novel ultimately tell against it.

After reading *The Coelacanth*, it's impossible not to concur in the view of one of Gore Vidal's office workers who 'hated it when people started asking him vague questions to which there were no sensible answers'. This is what Rosalind Brackenbury's characters constantly do to one another. 'Who are they?' 'Who am I?' 'What is it that you expect from people?' are three which occur on a single page. People actually stare into the landscape and ponder the meaning of life. This is the novel of sensibility taken to an extreme. The trick of elaborating individual perceptions has resulted in virtual disembodiment: everyone remains more or less impalpable. Structurally, the novel is composed of a series of moments, images and apprehensions which are not usefully fused together. There is no plot, beyond the plot of existence. Five people, utterly without humour and, as a corollary, much taken up with self-scrutiny, are staying in a house by the sea. One of them, Toby, gets fed up and leaves. His new wife Jasia decides to stay on but suddenly changes her mind, rudely and surreptitiously departing in the middle of the night. She hitch-hikes to London and suffers a threatened miscarriage on the way. Soon she's immobilised in hospital awaiting the birth, a posture which allows for the fullest exploration of inner consciousness. It's apparent quite early on that the author has a flair for objective description, as well as an inexplicable reluctance to exercise it.

Philip Glazebrook's tale of the Bosphorus is pure subjective fantasy, a Victorian schoolboy's conception of the illicit and outlandish in the Middle East. Archie Caper is an obnoxious young traveller who struggles to maintain the character of an English gentleman even when he's lost his trousers in a Stamboul gutter. One vanished pleasure of his schooldays, 'that sweet relation between master and fag', is easily recaptured when he comes into possession of a female slave, a figure who is destined to merge, at some unspecified level, with his wife Rachel. Perhaps Archie is simply a victim of the peculiar suffering and exasperations of a man who is accompanied, on his honeymoon, by his wife's old nanny, an ever-present obstacle to sexual fulfilment. Read as a parody of boys' adventure stories with the erotic element grafted on, *Byzantine Honeymoon* has a certain showy exuberance to recommend it; but its ironies are too often heavy-handed and convoluted.

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Public Lending Right

Ted Willis

The Writer's Penny

In the beginning, and at the end also, there was a Brophy. In 1951, John Brophy fired the first shot in the campaign for a Public Lending Right, and on 6 March 1979 his daughter, Brigid, sat below bar in the House of Lords to witness the passage of the PLR Bill and the triumphant conclusion of a crusade which, with Maureen Duffy, she had master-minded for seven years. The Society of Authors played an honourable and vital role especially in the early days, and later on the Writers Guild was to enter the fray: but it was not until Brophy and Duffy marshalled their commando troops under the banner of the Writers' Action Group (WAG) that the real advance began.

John Brophy put forward the straightforward proposal that borrowers should pay one (old) penny for each book they took from the public library shelves. Later, in 1959, Sir Alan Herbert formed an action group (APLA) which proposed that libraries should pay an annual licence fee for the right to loan books, and that APLA should collect and distribute these fees on behalf of authors. Both the Brophy penny and the Alan Herbert plan aroused fierce antagonism. Woodrow Wyatt and William Teeling each tried to get PLR Bills through Parliament without success. The opposition to the proposals was headed by the so-called library lobby, but at a deeper level it drew much of its strength from the older Labour stalwarts who saw PLR as an attempt to undermine the sacred principle of the free public library system.

When I was first drafted in to the House of Lords in 1963, I can remember being told by a blunt old peer, a former miner, that PLR was a load of bloody nonsense and that I, as a good Socialist, should be ashamed to have anything to do with a scheme which would put a tax on the working-man's access to knowledge. This emotive response was not easy to combat. For decades, our public library system, probably the best in the world, had played the role of university to generations of Labour people. There were no cheap paperbacks in Keir Hardie's day, and no book clubs. Over the years it was to the local library that the worker had to turn for the books he could not afford to buy. Speaking for myself, I know that in the mid-Thirties I haunted the Tottenham Municipal Library, attending lectures on almost every subject under the sun and devouring three or four books a week. I developed a respect for our public libraries and for the dedicated people who run them which, despite the differences generated by the PLR campaign, has never left me.

All through the Fifties and early Sixties, successive efforts to put steam into PLR foundered on this historical rock. There was no way to persuade Parliament to endorse a scheme which meant making the borrower of books pay directly, and although other suggestions for financing PLR were put forward, these were often so vague or downright naïve that they were easily brushed aside as the thin end of a wedge aimed at destroying the free public library system. In 1965, the Arts Council, under Lord Goodman, set up a working party to investigate PLR, and this resulted in a significant change of emphasis. As a result of representations made to the working party it agreed to the principle that the money for PLR should come not from the borrower, not from the rates, but from central government funds. There were still basic differences between the various writers' organisations about how a PLR system should be administered, but this was a definite break-through.

The hope generated by this development soon turned to ashes. Arts Ministers seemed to be indifferent, and their civil servants often obstructive. We were told, at various times, that the manual sampling of library stock to provide a record was technically too difficult, that the cost of administration would make PLR into a monstrous Quango, that the PLR money to be paid to individual writers would be laughably small, that the rich and successful authors would scoop the pool. Arguments between various bodies of writers as to whether the scheme should be based on a sample of loans or actual library purchases were used as an excuse for postponing action. ('If the authors can't agree among themselves, how is the government expected to act?')

Then, in 1972, the Writers' Action Group was formed. Its founding fathers were Lettice Cooper, Francis King, Michael Levey, Maureen Duffy and Brigid Brophy. It gathered up the tattered edges of the PLR campaigr laid down clear and precise principles an targets, set about the task of getting th writers' organisations to agree on a commo platform, and in the process rallied the sup port of hundreds of frustrated writers. At onc things began to happen. Funds were raised b the sale of books donated and signed by the authors, by poetry recitals, and once by th raffle of a gold pendant made and presente to WAG by Madelaine Duke, the writer; bu the money in the kitty seldom exceeded couple of hundred pounds. With these meagr resources, WAG organised a campaign whic was a masterpiece of vigour, clarity and shee bloody cheek.

Within a year or so of its inception, WA had settled the differences between the wri ers themselves by persuading them to giv support to a loan-based PLR scheme. It wer further and proved, with the help of a friendl statistician, that, modern technology bein what it is, the scheme could be made to worl And it recruited Michael Foot to its ranks, move which was to prove crucial some five c six years later.

The biggest set-back was in 1976, when, a a result of some well-organised filibustering the PLR Bill ran out of road in the Commons WAG kept the issue alive by proposing non-statutory scheme, and by more lobbying Maureen Duffy went to the TUC Conferenc and won an overwhelming majority for motion in support of PLR – a victory of majo importance. And then in 1978, with Michae Foot's backing, the Bill was re-introduced The filibusters went to work again but thi time a stronger Minister was in charge of th Bill and the opposition collapsed. On March, PLR negotiated its last obstacle an received the Royal Assent on 22 March WAG had proved that even without industria muscle a small group with a just cause an sufficient determination can move a mountai of opposition.

The actual PLR scheme has yet to be set ou in detail so there will be other rivers to cross It will be at least three years before author receive any tangible benefit and even the the amounts are likely to be small. But th important thing is that the *principle* has beer established by Parliament; a new right ha been conferred on authors by law.

Now the writers are gathering their force for fresh battles. An Authors' Lending anc Copyright Society (ALCS) has been formec to collect PLR from overseas on behalf o British writers and to tackle, among othe things, the increasingly thorny question o reprography. We know that copyright is being breached at an alarming rate in universities schools and even in shops; whole books anc sections of books are being photo-copiec without any reference to the author. The ALCS is determined to halt this literary piracy. Be warned; two of the three honorary officers of the ALCS are Brigid Brophy anc Maureen Duffy.

For several years Lord Willis, President of the Writers Guild, has led the campaign in Parliament for Public Lending Right. It was he who forced the Labour Government's hand by introducing private legislation of his own. Last year he led a deputation of distinguished writers who called on the Prime Minister. Among parliamentarians, Ted Willis and Michael Foot deserve main credit for the final victory of PLR.

The Public Lending Right Act received the Royal Assent on 22 March. Its main provisions are:

- **a payment to the author in respect of every borrowing of his or her book from a public library;**
- **a payment out of central government funds;**
- **a computerised loans sampling.**

The main deficiencies of the Act are:

- **instead of committing itself to a specified payment per loan, the enabling clause of the Act commits the Government to fix an overall sum to cover all loans;**
- **the sum provisionally allocated by the Government, £2 million, is absurdly low when one considers that this money must not only cover administrative costs (£400,000-£600,000) but also be divided among the 600 million+ loans which occur every year in Britain's libraries;**
- **reference works are not included in the scheme;**
- **writers from countries which do not offer PLR to British authors will benefit equally from the scheme.**

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Spurling

From the French

Now for the facts. The Tate was officially opened as the national gallery of British art in 1897. It was paid for by Henry Tate, the sugar man, whose gift of 67 paintings and three bronzes – mostly by contemporary lions such as Millais, Fildes, Orchardson and Leighton – formed the basis of its collection. Two years later Tate paid for the original eight galleries to be extended to 17; in 1910 Joseph Duveen added nine more to house the Turner Bequest; and by 1937 his son had chipped in with three more, including the grand Sculpture Gallery. The Tate did not become a gallery for modern foreign art until 1917, when its Keeper was promoted to Director, but it had to wait until 1945 to become financially independent of the National Gallery and receive its own purchase fund. Furthermore, although the munificent gifts of Samuel Courtauld, C. Frank Stoop and the younger Duveen provided it during the Twenties and Thirties with a first-rate foundation of Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and later Ecole de Paris works, its Director from 1930 to 1938 was J. B. Manson, who did his level best to keep out modern painters such as Matisse, Rouault and Picasso.

Dennis Farr's admirable *English Art 1870-1940* (O.U.P. £17.50) – the last volume in the Oxford History of English Art – ends with a chapter packed with useful facts such as the above and is published just in time for the opening of the Tate's extension, much delayed by defects in the air-conditioning system, but now at last scheduled for 24 May. The period covered by Farr's book – which, unlike most such compendiums, is not a dismal rumble of facts and names but a succinct, personal and extremely readable narrative – more or less coincides with the period covered by the Tate's modern collection as re-hung in its existing galleries. Beyond the still closed revolving-doors to the extension are the Surrealists, the major Abstractionists (Mondrian, the later Nicholson and the New Yorkers) and the whole post-war gallimaufrey: Pop, the Bricks and all that. I shall give them a thorough going-over in a couple of months' time, but meanwhile, what of the earlier part of the collection?

It begins with Whistler, Sargent, Steer and Sickert, all in their various ways impressionist-influenced, but Steer the most obviously and pedestrianly so. One or two of Sargent's higher-keyed, Frenchified pictures are actually hung in the last room of the historic British collection on the other side of the building, in company with some of Tate's original High Victorians. This kind of recurring thread is one of the pleasures of the re-hung galleries. Sargent's *Claude Monet Painting at the Edge of a Wood*, a small green tribute to the delights of *plein air* painting, is in the doorway that leads through to the grand old masters themselves: first Monet, Manet, Pissarro and Sisley, then Seurat, Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. But already, opposite Gauguin and almost next to a vase of flowers by Rousseau, is a flower-arrangement, dated 1901, by Picasso. Two doorways on, Sickert's small, darkly-lit, bending nude, *Woman Washing her Hair*, conducts one straight into the path of a wall of light-bathed Bonnards, including three of Marthe Bonnard at bath-time. Sickert is the prime stayer, not only accompanying the Camden Towners (Gilman, Ginner, Gore, Bevan) and the Bloomsberries (Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry, Duncan Grant and Epstein in his role as smooth-surfaced portraitist) into a side-room which appropriately leads nowhere, but reappearing several rooms further on in company with more formidable figures such as Wyndham Lewis, Gaudier-Brzeska and Epstein again in his other role as neo-primitive and Vorticist. True, Sickert is in a corner with some belated, provincial Impressionists (Munnings, Churchill and Grant), but that is another appropriate comment on English art.

Matthew Smith makes his warm, welcome debut in the Bonnard room, but crops up again on the other side of the wall with Derain and Matisse and looks on towards Schmidt-Rotluf and the Expressionists in the room beyond. Between them and the Vorticists is a whole room of Stanley Spencers – the two great Resurrections and 14 others. The Vorticists, sharing a room of smaller works with the odd Italian Futurist and Russian Rayonist as well as various English eccentrics like Burra, David Jones and Alfred Wallis, lead on to the Cubists (Picasso, Braque, Gris, Leger) and so to a final room in which English art begins at last to look very self-confident: Christopher Wood, Paul Nash, Frances Hodgkins and early, still figurative Moore, Hepworth, Nicholson and Sutherland.

The collection amounts, then, as one might expect, to a grand French theme developed from Manet to Picasso and punctuated with chiefly English variations and interludes. The Impressionists and Post-Impressionists are perhaps rather thinly represented, but it is no doubt too late to remedy that, and besides they can be seen in greater strength at the National Gallery and the Courtauld. The Bonnards, thanks to three recent bequests, are impressive; the Tate has never bought one, but it now owns eight, all on display. There are six fine Braques – the latest added this year – five Legers and no less than 18 Picassos, five of them loans. Julio Gonzalez, who was not represented at all until 1970, is now better served: Sir Norman Reid has bought two sculptures (reserved for the extension) and Mme Gonzalez has presented 53 drawings and pastels, of which 12 are on show. The only obvious French gap, except one which I shall come to, is Matisse. All the Tate's 16 paintings, reliefs and sculptures by Matisse, including the loan of a small sculpture of two negresses from the British Rail Superannuation Fund, are on view, but unfortunately none of his geometrical interiors in hot colours. If, as David Hockney maintains, the *Red Studio* was offered and turned down in the mid-Forties, it was certainly a lamentable mistake.

The British collection of the period is, as it ought to be, good. Why Sir Norman thought it necessary to increase the Vanessa Bells from 4 to 11 and the Duncan Grants from 15 to 20 is a mystery to me, but he has made very substantial improvements – in quality as well as quantity – to the Tate's holdings of Bomberg, Epstein, Gaudier-Brzeska, David Jones, Wyndham Lewis, Paul Nash and William Roberts.

What is still lacking is proper coverage of anything but the main French tradition and its British ramifications. Sir Norman has done something for the Expressionists by acquiring two Soutines, Barlach's splendid bronze *Avenger* and Nolde's inky *Sea* (the only Nolde in the collection); he has also added Grosz's *Suicide* and Hausmann's *The Art Critic* from the Weimar contingent. But where are Schiele, Marc, Dix, Kirchner and above all Beckmann? The Tate owns none of them. There is a solitary Munch. It is not enough. There is one Kandinsky and one Balthus – both in the extension. The Symbolists fare still worse, with one later Ensor still-life which is pretty but not, as it happens, symbolic. Art Nouveau is perhaps sufficiently represented by a group of Beardsley drawings and a small Ricketts bronze, though it would have been interesting to see at least one piece by Alfred Gilbert of *Eros* fame (12 of his sculptures are in the Tate's vaults), to whom Farr devotes six pages of rehabilitation. As for the early 20th-century Americans, they may be small potatoes, but the Tate does need a Hopper. Indeed, it needs almost any early American, since – unless you count Whistler, Sargent and Epstein – all it has is one John Marin. However, these deficiencies pale into insignificance beside the complete absence of any work by one of the major painters of the last 100 years – Odilon Redon. If I were selecting Sir Norman's successor I would make that my first question: can you lay your hands on a Redon, or preferably half a dozen?

Sport

Russell Davies

Ruff Stuff

From 'grubstick', a name which one particularly lugubrious maths master of mine would apply indiscriminately to all the toiling pupils in his charge, it was a short step to 'Rubstic', my piercingly accurate choice for the 1979 Grand National. It was also a short step to the little local betting shop – not the chief ornament in Mr Joe Coral's imposing necklace, by any means, but serviceable and quick. Unfortunately, I did not go. I set off, but somehow did not, as they say, get the trip. Twenty quid up the spout – at least, since two of my other three fancied runners came in second and third. It is for these reasons, doubtless, that I feel in moralistic mood about horse-racing.

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The Grand National, of course, is scarcely horse-racing. It is a horse-borne (if you're lucky) 'It's A Knockout', with mobile obstacles, in the form of riderless no-hopers, slipped in to complicate the static barriers. Eddie Waring would do very well as a commentator: ''Ee's a big 'orse, is this lad, but 'e cahn't . . .GOE . . . without 'is legs . . .' A daft sort of race, then, in which to risk a quality animal, as the owners of the late Alverton have discovered. But this, in a sense, is what most people like about the event: it has a built-in anti-aristocratic bias. People will always prefer a stayer to a sprinter – human sympathies just seem to work out that way – and in the National, the element of stamina, of sheer plod, has to be rounded out with a cunning sense of self-preservation. Thus any National winner, being both stolid and sly, comes to be seen as a sort of equine Andy Capp. Red Rum, by winning the race three times, has indeed become a horse-of-the-people, employed in such classic crowd-pleasing roles as switcher-on of the Blackpool lights. Photographers will still linger for hours outside this animal's box in order to capture at its most blatant the loony dumb insolence of its grin. I seem to remember Red Rum snapped, too, in the obligatory flat hat and muffler, and it would be no surprise to learn that he is encouraged to subsist on winkles, chips and beer. Doggedness, leavened by a cheerful plebeian incorrigibility – that's what people want in a National winner. *My Way* on four legs. Failing that, *My Way* on three legs. (Contrast with this the haughty seclusion of flat-race classic winners, counting their stud fees behind high ivy-mantled walls. Under the doting eye of various Fulkes, Raleighs and Grevilles, naturally – all the most expensive trainers sound like metaphysical poets.)

But enough of metaphysics. What you surely wish to learn from this column is the system that so nearly brought its perpetrator a fortune last Saturday. Well, suicidal though it may seem, I am prepared to reveal to our select (though, of course, expanding) readership the details of my patented IGNORE-U-FORM betting plan. IGNORE-U-FORM proceeds on a pattern of elimination which, in fields of thirty or over, will almost unfailingly leave you with a profitable each-way wager. First, delete all women, amateurs and foreigners; then all names with an obviously defeatist ring, e.g. any horse called What A Disaster would be a candidate for early elimination under IGNORE-U-FORM, likewise any runner with 'Wayward' in its name. Wayward Scot, a faller at the first fence in Saturday's race, would equally disqualify itself from selection under the principle which states that any horse *part-owned* by a famous person is merely a hobby-horse, or donkey. A third rule, incidentally, under which this luckless creature earned its deletion from the IGNORE-U-FORM profit guide was the one stating that a horse whose owner, in whole or in part, shall not be available for breathless interview by David Coleman in the Winners' Enclosure shall not win.

Any horse still remaining in the list whose name is preceded by the definite article – e.g. The Dikler, The Pilgarlic, etc – shall be deemed a good each-way chance. Delete at this stage any horses named after actual persons, e.g. Barry John, and especially those deceased, e.g. Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, etc. Scrub also, as a matter of course, any animal carrying the name of a business house, for example, as it might be, Fray Bentos Lean-Cut Corned Beef 3p Off. Next, lose all jockeys called Davies, except B.R. Davies, all English jockeys with alliterative names, e.g. Freddie Foskett; all noblemen; Scotsmen; and Jonjo O'Neill. Now pick the three *ugliest*, most *insulting*, *chaotic* or *alcoholic* names left on your card, and back them in the order of your choice. Good punting! (N.B. Fans of IGNORE-U-FORM should note that our greyhound campaign got off to a great start last Monday afternoon when the 3.43 at Manchester White City was won by the unpleasant FISH FINGER at 7-2.)

Television

Julian Barnes

Pit Props

Put it this way: if you were responsible for selecting the German entry for a *Eurovision Song Contest* to be held in Israel, would you or would you not think twice before despatching a combo named after a genocidal maniac? Tactless was one of the milder adjectives dropped around my television set as the BBC-1 commentator bellowed normally, 'And now, Genghis Khan for Germany'; and the barbarous appearance of the six-person group – one of them specially kojaked – did nothing to suggest that any holocaust survivors in the audience would find them merely whacky and diverting. 'Haa, Hoo, Haa, Hoo' went their chorus as they jumped up and down, trying as hard as possible to look like bestial murderers.

Personally, I don't blame just the Anton Schwarzburns of the German music industry – I blame the entire nation of Teuton pop-pickers who voted for the song. 'Germany has never won the song contest,' John Dunn informed us as 'Khan' bounced on to stage, and you could understand why: next year, when the jamboree returns to Israel, they'll doubtless be sending a punk SS band. There was another sweaty Euro-moment during the judging, too; the Tcherman tchury surprisingly failed to give any marks at all to the in-the-context charming and popular Israeli entry – setting off an audience hubbub – while the Israeli jury generously awarded six marks to the Khan brutes.

Otherwise, this year, almost all the acts managed to hit with extraordinary precision that desired level of insulting blandness, of serious ridiculousness; and in this they were much helped by the Israeli director, who shot the acts from a low angle which made all the backing groups appear to consist of tubby midgets (unless it be that tubby midgets as a breed have good supporting voices). The Italian girl in skintight satin looked to have padded her crotch with, oh, at least a box or two of kleenex – but everyone knows that this is one Comp where sex must be sanitised as much as possible. The Finnish girl, for instance, got it right, flashing us a dazzling landing-strip of an armpit so clear and sweatless you could have safely picknicked off it; the Belgian girl also used her pits as props; the Luxembourgeoise showed us pits-'n'-tits; while the French girl merely showed us her fillings. The Monegasque warbler, called Laurent Vaguener – but no mastersinger he – had two nameplates round his neck in case he got lost. The Austrians miscalculated hopelessly by entering a fine, well-sung cabaret number; the Brits miscalculated hopelessly by entering a group with no talent at all; the Spanish nearly calculated correctly with a repellently cute backing group of four totlets whose noses had to be stroked; but they happily lost out to the super-scrubbed, neatly presented and childless Israeli quartet.

In passing, a few words of abuse for the Israeli presentation. The set was brooded over by 'a masterpiece of engineering', a swivelling, interlocking, pointless trinity of metallic Saturn rings, 'controlled by computer'; presumably no human would touch them. Each act was introduced by an excruciatingly banal pantomime illustrating its country of origin. A Pisa tower wittily straightening up; a jig outside a Guinness pub; sailors hauling ashore a bottle of port: boy, they certainly had us guessing. The Greek song was introduced by a mime of a straining discus thrower; 'and, as a matter of fact,' John Dunn informed us, 'That was very appropriate, as the Greek song is *Socrates*.' Socrates? Who did he throw for? Sparta Athletic?

Coverage of the Grand National – won by my distant cousin Maurice Barnes (remember that loan, Mo?) – began on *Grandstand* (BBC-1) with Captain Mark Phillips in a white poloneck spunkily leaping the Aintree course on one of the Queen's nags; asked afterwards by David Coleman what the fences were like, Mark replied, 'They were big but they rode super'. This Royal style of chat, one of cheerful bucolic imprecision, of relaxed imperiousness towards grammar, was illustrated again when Mark's brother-in-law appeared on *The Joys of Opera* (BBC-2). Humphrey Burton zestfully toadied to what he described, incredibly, as 'the number one opera lover in this country'. The tag became more than a little embarrassing as HRH kept on not having seen famous operas alluded to by Burton; but he responded manfully with a few worthy number-one, fund-raising remarks: 'If you take it too seriously then it becomes silly'; 'I personally reserve the right to laugh at opera'. His favourite show is *Traviata*: 'It makes me cry, which is a very important emotion I think.' I personally reserve the right to laugh at Prince Charles, which is a very important emotion I think.

The excellent current season of *The South Bank Show* (LWT) continued with Geoff Dunlop's splendidly photographed film on Graham Sutherland. Gumbooting along the edge of a Pembrokeshire stream in his flat cap, winter warm and horn-rimmed half-moon specs, Sutherland looked for all the world like a retired country auctioneer; and indeed, he discussed his work with the engagingly modest detachment of some expert from *Antiques Roadshow*. His delightful early Palmerish style he pronounced 'a total cul-de-sac'; his war paintings lacked 'human interest' because war artists like him weren't permitted to get near the front; more generally, he admitted a lack of confidence in his imagination, and a comforting inability to predict what might inspire him. Painting, he implied, was as much a tentative exploration of his own talent as it was an exploration of his nominal subject. This account of his work only seemed a touch self-deceiving when he discussed his

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portraits: 'I don't seek rich people', he remarked, 'Rich people on the whole want to be perpetuated.' I can think of the odd few million non-rich people who wouldn't mind being perpetuated by Sutherland's brush: it's just that, well, they seem to have difficulty scraping together the money.

Films

John Coleman

Oz, NY

The Wiz (U) *Dominion*
The Thief of Baghdad (U) *Odeon, Marble Arch*

'Yellow Brick Road Created by CONGOLEUM': this, coming near the end of a list of credits as long as a yard-arm, fairly serves warning that something has happened since Judy Garland set off on her pilgrimage 40 years ago. Even at that time (she was pushing 17), her chest had to be taped flat to keep some fidelity to the pre-teen Dorothy of L. Frank Baum's turn-of-the-century classic afloat. So what are we to make of a Dorothy in the black and beautiful person of Miss Diana Ross, who will not be revisiting 30? The simple answer is: the best of it. Away with nostalgia and on to Sidney Lumet's *The Wiz*, a dilated and expensive version of a highly successful Broadway musical (book by William Brown, music and lyrics by Charlie Smalls) with an all-black cast doing their things – many of them extraordinary – in a contemporary New York part near-real, part wholeheartedly fantasticised. The poker-work morality of the Baum original has been updated or, at least, upmarketed by allusions to the numbers game, narcotics, subway horrors and unavailable yellow cabs. It is a world perhaps more readily graspable by citizens of the Big Apple than by us visitors from outer space: the urban tang and slang are theirs, as are such sites or sights as the Public Library, the World Trade Centre plaza, Shea Stadium and Coney Island. And matters are not helped by the inaudibility of a lot of the sung words, or is this – as I suspect – a lonely and unfashionable plaint?

But Lumet's movie has its successes, both central and scattered. His main craftsman-collaborators are splendid. Where sheer bigness is meant to count, as in the vast Emerald City dance routine (and routine is the just word), it is the drilled hundreds of beautiful people, the lighting, the costumes, the vastness, the *extravagance* that overwhelm. Tony Walton, as production designer, is arguably the hero of the piece, his sets sometimes shading in and out of authentic landmarks like waking dreams, at others – in the fine Munchkin sequence, where great playground items are punningly shaped like numbers; in the subway chase, with its gnashing trash bins and trundling pillars; in the Wicked Witch's immense sweatshop, her doomed throne a huge loo – your genuine nightmares. The camera work of Ossie Morris, another old colleague of Lumet's, is equally creative. Richard Pryor as the Wiz has a nice cameo when his fraudulence is discovered, the massive, laser-eyed mask through which he had dominated now abandoned, himself on a truckle-bed in the once-threatening tower room, pleading for sympathy. Lena Horne as Glinda the Good lends brief magic to a saccharine invocation, 'Believe in Yourself': one believed in *her*, alas, to the detriment of a hard-working Miss Ross. But what of the Scarecrow (Michael Jackson), the Tinman (Nipsey Russell) and the Lion (Ted Ross)? Mercifully, they are inventively camouflaged, perform superbly and get the bulk of the best hearable lines. Without the trouble that went on them, this spectacular show would never have got on its Congoleum road.

Clive Donner's *The Thief of Baghdad* is mainly distinguished from its predecessors in the field by having a smirking and thoroughly naughty Peter Ustinov upstaging everyone when allowed: his pretty daughter, Pavla, plays his pretty daughter, Yasmine. Elsewhere, the husky hero daggers his way down a curtain as Fairbanks did down a sail in *The Black Pirate*; Daniel Emilfork camps as a towering green genie; Ian Holm clearly wandered sportingly in from another set to play a *weeny* part; Roddy McDowall confusingly may or may not be the thief of the title; and Terence Stamp is very bad. Not so much undemanding fare as undemanded.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Head for Hite

Cloud Nine *Royal Court*
All Our Loving *Stratford East*

Some years ago Peter Cheeseman, grand panjandrum of British theatre-in-the-round, dispatched his cast with notebooks and pencils into the libraries, factories and homes of Stoke-on-Trent, and the first of several stage documentaries was stitched into place. It was, and is, a method of construction best suited to social fact, but there's no reason why it shouldn't be adapted to feeling and fiction; and that, indeed, is precisely the use both this week's offerings make of it. For *All Our Loving* Rony Robinson 'talked to, interviewed and corresponded with many people about their love experiences'; *Cloud Nine* was home-woven by Caryl Churchill for the Joint Stock Company, which had spent last autumn 'talking to people about their lives and sexuality, and finally, and often painfully, about their own'. This helps explain the discursive, gossipy style of the first. Perhaps it also justifies the sociological pretensions of the British Hite Report that the second sometimes resembles. Less portentously, it leaves you with the impression that the Joint Stock's friends and contacts lead markedly racier lives than the good people of Stratford, Hackney, and other points east.

'It's upside-down when you reach Cloud Nine,' sings Max Stafford-Clark's cast, and does not overstate. The play's first half is a spoof of the Victorian sexual hothouse, presented with some of the late Joe Orton's anarchic glee but not quite enough of his wit. The scene is Rider Haggard territory, and the main character a colonial patriarch for whom propriety and patriotism are one. Unluckily, his son won't stop playing with dolls, and, unknown to him, has been seduced by the local Alan Quartermaine. When this intrepid explorer coyly proceeds to pinch the bottom of the father, whose predilection is for burrowing beneath ladies' skirts, all is imperial outrage and principled shame. The diseased man (for so he apologetically proclaims himself) is forced to marry the family governess, who is actually festering with lesbian longings for her employer's wife. The point is not, as some of my colleagues have suggested, that the Roman virtues of gravitas, dignitas and tight-ass perverted those of our sons doomed to personify them: rather, that they caused perfectly natural behaviour to be castigated as 'perverted'. The effects of this repression can be heard in the sound of the lash that drifts in from the native compound just offstage.

This is unexceptionable, but also unexceptional. The second half, which involves the same family's present-day progeny in glum London, is less burlesque in tone and clear-cut in meaning. The son is abandoned by his male lover, who favours casual promiscuity. The daughter, who finds her spouse inhibiting and sexually disappointing, begins an affair with a woman. There ensues a curious and probably incestuous menage-à-trois, which is watched with innocent envy by the mother, who has ditched her own husband and rediscovered the joys of masturbation. And what does all this rollicking libido add up to? It obviously isn't a lament for warped psyches, and yet there's too much dissatisfaction and loneliness on display for it to be the opposite, a celebration of latter-day liberation. Presumably the idea is simply to show us the floundering self-discoveries of a generation still tearing itself free from the Victorian gin-trap. The evidence, purple though it may sound in summary, will not seem particularly sensational to anyone who has read Orton's diaries, been to a British boarding-school, or both; and it is presented without either sentimentality or rancour by Julie Covington, Anthony Sher and the rest of a consistently lively cast.

Mr Robinson, though less taxing on both mind and shock-absorbers, would appear to share some of Ms Churchill's beliefs about wedlock. At any rate, his childhood sweethearts survive bad marriages to others and end by finding a little happiness together, but not in what he, if less adamantly than she, tends to regard as a pretty bonecrushing institution. Only an improbably game granny, whom widowhood propels once more and with feeling to the altar, offsets the gentle scepticism that marks his play. Partly, the result is in the tradition of Stratford East nostalgia and local patriotism, a series of Cockney weddings punctuating a tale that starts in a school playground in 1947 and ending in the community-less, culture-less 1970s. Partly, it's a familiar saga of sold-out socialism, represented by the slum-born, Oxford-educated protagonist. Partly, and much more enjoyably, it's a collection of anecdotes about love, sex and marriage cut with uneven relevance into the jog-along plot. Whether Mr Robinson got this material from his letter-box, tape-recorder, memory or imagination, he can bring it suddenly, vividly to life; and that takes talent.

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Weekend Competition

No 2560 **Set by Kirk Secker**

Epitaphs are always popular. Here is an anonymous one on a dentist:

Stranger, approach this spot with gravity;
John Brown is filling his last cavity.

Could we have epitaphs about schoolmasters, lawyers, accountants, surgeons, or members of any other profession. A strict maximum of three entries each; by 20 April.

Results of No 2557 **Set by Jim Anthony**

We asked you for new versions of that old rhyme about the three Steins – Gert, Ep and Ein.

Report **by Little Keith**

It is not, perhaps, widely enough known that Fat Jeff prides himself on his knowledge of contemporary literature. Within that trundling and sebacious exterior lurks, he promises us, a heart that thrills at the sight of even a daffodil bulb. So when we set a teasing literary form for you like this, Jeff always gets excited at the thought of being allowed to read, even occasionally to touch the entry of a real writer. 'Look, Jeff,' we say, 'here's a Roy Fuller' – and the fellow's eyes touchingly brim with pleasure; 'And an Aldiss; and a Michie; and a Ewart.' 'Any John Fuller?' he asks hopefully, 'any . . .' – well, we won't list the names, as many of the more eminent of you prefer to use pseudonyms. Jeff couldn't understand why we didn't give Gavin Ewart a prize; but we explained to him severely that the Complex doesn't kowtow to Names (and, moreover, that Gav had only worked two names into his poem, instead of the required three). A very talented entry indeed this week: three pounds each.

Three wonderful fellows called Ot:
Eli, Herri, and Polp – that's the lot.
Herri mends your poor pets,
Eli penned four quartets,
And Polp's Camb . . . oh dear, no, now he's not.

With the *excellent* cognomen Well,
There's Or, and there's Shin, and there's Thel.
Thel draws gymkhanas
And Or loathes the bwanas,
While old Shin's still fit (well, well, well!)

BILL GREENWELL

Three wonderful people called Ley;
There's Hen and there's Bench and there's Hea.
Hen wrote jingoist verse,
Bench wrote *Jaws* which was worse,
And the less said the better of Hea.

TIM HOPKINS

Each Lon was a notable man,
Greek So, French Vil and Brit Scan.
So made people think,
Vil was put in the clink
And the plebs made a Lord out of Scan.

L.G. UDALL

The Ini hold many a beano,
With the Mussols dispensing the vino.
There are Marts in the rocks,
The Houds with their locks,
And a solitary Ida Lupino.

BRIAN W. ALDISS

How varied this family, Sen!
For instance, Sun Yat, Ib and Jen:
Sun Yat changed Cathay,
Ib wrote play after play,
And Jen played and changed the Top Ten.

The form of the name, such as Quhar,
Is diverse as its owners' works are:
E.H. upon Stalin,
W.P. on *Sir Gawain*,
And the comical dramas of Far.

ROY FULLER

There's Ho and there's Shin and there's Po,
Which in politics just goes to show
That red, pink or blue,
Whatever you do,
All's well that ends *well* isn't so.

JAMES MICHIE

The Skys are a pitiful lot.
There's Chom and there's Spas and there's Trot.
Trot chose the wrong lobby,
Spas flunked out to Bobbie,
And the structures of Chom are all rot.

JEBEDIAH BARROW

Three scribblers whose names end in Bert –
Gil, Her and Flau – are now inert.
Gil wrote silly songs,
Her satirised wrongs,
And Flau was once set for School Cert.

A very mixed bunch are the Ences.
Take Ter, Lawr and Sp: Latin tenses
To Ter were no sweat;
Lawr (D.H.) was wet;
And Sp builds concrete eminences.

C. VITA-FINZI

Consider the tribe of Et Ti.
There's Giacom, there's Bon and Paul G.
Bon is known as The Cat,
Giacom sees life as flat,
Paul likes sardines in oil for his tea.

T. A. HOWELL

Three Aldis, not one of them dim,
Were Garib and Frescob and Grim;
One played and one clowned
And the other's renowned
By a biscuit that's named after him.

A. J. WYBORN

The Cocks are all guys, there's no gal!
There's Han and there's Lea and there's Al.
Han lived in East Cheam;
Lea wrote like a dream;
Al went flying with Brown (his best pal).

PETER NORMAN

At the end of their names we find Oyce;
B's Welsh, with a boisterous voice,
R's half a great car,
J's lingo's bizarre –
Dublinese, but remarkably choice.

MAY DAY

Three wonderful people called Wick –
There's War and there's Chad and there's Pick.
War said, 'Kings, come on!',
Chad found the neutron,
And all the world knows Mr Pick.

A.M. SAYERS

Tony Miles

Chess

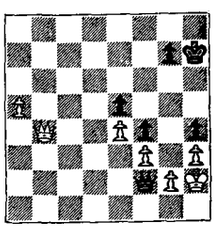
No 127 **February Problems**

The first three February problems were fairly simple. In **Problem 118 (4r2k / 6pp / 8 / R2p3q / 4QP2 / 1bP2P2 / 5P2 / 1R4K1)** 1.R-K1 is a nice idea, trying to exploit the pin on the Black QP and his vulnerable Black rook, but unfortunately Black has 1 . . . Q-N3ch! and White himself turns out to be pinned down the K-file. After 2.QxQ, RxRch; 3.K-N2, PxQ; Black has won a rook. Instead White has a variety of drawing continuations eg 1.RxB, RxQ; 2.R-N8ch, R-K1; 3.R(R)-R8, Q-N3ch with a perpetual, or 1.Q-Q3, B-B5; 2.Q-B2, B-N6; 3.Q-Q3, (3.QxB, Q-N3ch, but not 3.RxB?? R-K8ch mating) repeating, or 1.QxRch, QxQ; 2.RxB.

Problem 119 (2b1k3 / p5p1 / 1p3b1p / 2p1N3 / 5P2/ 2Pp2P1 / PP4P1 / R5K1), as one entrant actually remembered came from a game Czerniak-Saharavski, Tel Aviv '63. Black wins by 1 . . . BxN; 2.R-K1, (Or 2.PxB, B-N5 and P-Q7) P-Q7 (. . . B-K3; 3.RxB, P-Q7! also works); 3.RxBch, B-K3! 4.RxBch, K-Q2, And the pawn queens.

Problem 120 (3r3k/p1Q3bp/2p3p1/8/2P1BRn1/ 1P4Pb / P1N1q2P / 6BK) was an easy mating combination – just a matter of getting the checks in the right order: 1. . .N-B7ch; 2.BxN, (2.RxN, QxBch mates) R-Q8ch; 3.B-N1 (3.B-K1/N-K1, RxB/Nch) RxBch; 4.KxR, B-Q5ch (but not . . .Q-Q8ch; K-B2) 5.NxB (or K-R1, Q-Q8ch) Q-K8ch; 6.R-B1, QxR mate.

Problem 121 (see diagram) at first sight



was tricky. After 1.P-R6 it seems that the QRP must quickly decide matters. At worst White should get two Black pawns for it, with a straightforward technical win. However, Black creates surprisingly troublesome counterplay with 1.P-N4! 2.Q-R5, K-N3! (but not 2 . . . P-N5; 3.Q-B7ch, K-N3; 4.Q-Q6ch, K-B2; 5.Q-Q7ch and 6.QxP with two extra pawns). 3.P-R7! (slower methods fail, eg 3.Q-B3, K-B3 and what next? If 4.Q-R1, P-N5; 5.P-R7, PxBP; 6.Q-KN1, Q-R7; or 4.Q-R1, P-N5; 5.BPxP, P-B6; 6.Q-N1, Q-N6ch; 7.K-R1, P-B7; 8.Q-KB1, Q-K6; and . . . Q-K8 wins for Black), P-N5! 4.RPxP! (not 4.BPxP, P-B6 or 4.P-R8=Q, P-N6ch.), P-R6 (. . . Q-N6ch; 5.K-N1, P-R6; 6.Q-Q2 wins); 5.Q-N6ch! (the trick White has to rely on. He gains the crucial tempo to untangle) QxQ; 6.P-R8=Q, PxP; (If . . . Q-B7; 7.Q-N8ch followed by 8.Q-R8ch, and 9.QxRP wins) (7.KxP, Q-N7ch; 8.K-R3, Q-KB7 draws) 7. Q-N8ch, K-B3; (7 . . . K-R3; 8.P-N5ch, K-R4; 9.Q-R8ch, KxP; 10.QxPch, K-N3; 11.Q-B5ch, K-N2; 12.Q-N4ch, K-R2; 13.KxP with a winning position) 8.P-N5ch! K-K2; 9.Q-N7ch! (the final finesse, the Black king has no safe square. If . . . K-Q3; 10.Q-B6ch or . . . K-K1; 10.QxPch, So . . .) K-Q1; 10.Q-B6ch! QxQ; 11.PxQ, K-K1; 12.KxP, K-B2; 13.K-R3, KxP; 14.K-R4, K-N3; 15.K-N4, K-B3; 16.K-R5 winning. My congratulations to Miss S George and Mr N Neelakantan on spotting almost all of this.

February prizewinners: First, Miss George (£15); Second, Mr Taylor (£10); Third equal, Messrs Bradley, Cornforth and Johnson (£7 each) with a consolation prize to Mr Neelakantan (£5).

Problem 127

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 18 April 1979.

Solution to Problem 125

1.P-R7, K-N2; 2.P-Q4!! P-R5; 3.P-Q5! PxP; (or . . . P-R6 4.PxP, P-R7; 5.P-K7, P-R8=Q; 6.P-R8=Qch, KxQ; 7.P-K8=Qch and mate in two) 4.P-K5! (to block the long diagonal) PxP (or . . .P-R6; 5. P-K6!) 5.K-B5, P-R6; 6.K-K6, P-R7; 7.P-R8=Qch, KxQ; 8.K-B7, P-R8=Q; 9.P-N7ch, K-R2; 10.P-N8=Qch, K-R3; 11.Q-N6 mate.

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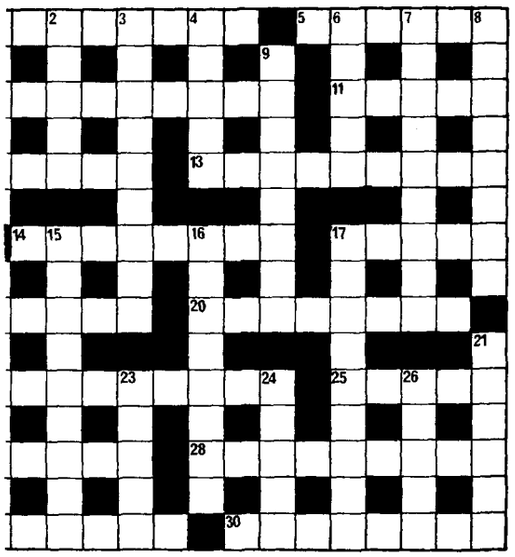
Weekend Crossword 1298

IZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions ned. Entries to Crossword 1298, New Statesman, Great nstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 17 April.



ACROSS

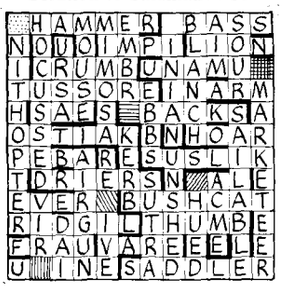
1 A bowl of cereal makes one flourish (8).
5 Accent on something to wear (6).
10 Where a poem is composed about a princess (9).
11 Field for the expert (5).
12 Name of her niece (5).
13 The holidays are back and the green is untidy so he collects the rubbish (9).
14 I go with a strange girl in payment for gold and silver (8).
17 The one in the game is a woman (5).
19 The point about the west is the scent (5).
20 River surrounded by weapon used in naval action (8).
22 It is seen in the theatre, but being put into water the clock goes wrong (9).
25 I hit back and then duck in the courtyard (5).
27 Golden couch like the sun (5).
28 Finish without an audience although attractive (9).
29 Change of scene one provides for relatives (6).
30 Described as a boy holding a girl (8).

DOWN

1 Frightening sound and look for shepherdess (6).
2 Somebody holding a thousand in capital (5).
3 Courage without knowledge is becoming obscure (9).
4 Goes down when liquid enters vessel (5).
6 Fabulous birdman as tennis player (5).
7 Citizen of Coketown (9).
8 Heavens repay men when they are converted (8).
9 Operatic character who gives refusal to old man and boy (8).
15 A crib lies when translated, making one bad-tempered (9).
16 Joint filleted and decorated (8).
17 Pacific novelist's middle name (9).
18 Obstinate when retrograde objections are produced (8).
21 Pursued the tenacious (6).
23 Beg a penny in prison (5).
24 Monster which helps to show why dragons exist (5).
26 Fabric which would go west if there were no place for the money (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 16



Prizewinners to Salamanca 16

Several near-misses but only two of you (J. S. Parker of Surbiton and J. C. Mace of Weston-super-Mare) combined proper interpretation with completely correct answers. £3 book token apiece.

Salamanca solution: Heraldic colours checked with their English translations are indicated as if emblazoned (thus: yellow/or = dots; white/argent = blank; sable/black = horizontal plus vertical lines; azure/blue = horizontal; purpure/purple = diagonal from right to left; green/vert = diagonal left to right; gules/red = vertical) see *Brewer*, p. 248.

APPOINTMENTS

Arts Council
OF GREAT BRITAIN

Deputy Secretary—General

Applications are invited for this post which will become vacant in late May 1979.

Candidates should have a good general knowledge of and interest in the arts together with first-class administrative experience.

Salary range (under review) £10,567-£12,795. Starting salary negotiable.

Further details from **Dr Roy Shaw, Secretary-General, Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU,** to whom applications, with the names of three referees, should be sent by **27 April 1979.**

NATIONAL UNION OF BANK EMPLOYEES

Appointment of

TRADE UNION ORGANISER

for the WEST MIDLANDS AREA

Applications are invited from persons of suitable qualifications and trade union background for the above post of Area Organiser. Commencing salary £4,071 per annum rising to £4,990 per annum. Car provided, good holidays and conditions of service.

Considerable travel is involved in this appointment. The successful applicant would be based on the Birmingham office.

Please apply for application forms to: **Mr John James, National Organiser, NUBE, Bute Street, Cardiff CF1 6AD** by **Tuesday 24 April 1979.**

Classified Manager

The NEW STATESMAN is looking for an energetic, resourceful and imaginative man or woman to organise its classified selling operation.

The NEW STATESMAN has undergone radical change during the last year and with new areas receiving regular editorial coverage there are new and challenging opportunities for classified advertisement sales.

If you think you could plan and bring about an expansion of our classified space write to Peter Jones, General Manager, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1.

NEW STATESMAN

Research Technician

Reading Progress and Disabilities Project

T5: £5,058 - £5,358 p.a. inc.

FIXED TERM APPOINTMENT FOR 3 YEARS

Applications are invited from good honours graduates to support academic research staff on the Reading Progress and Disabilities Project and other reading research.

Responsibilities will include promoting further development of reading research by developing links between existing research areas, investigating possibilities for further external funding for reading research, assisting with literature searches and the preparation of bibliographies, and developing other forms of research.

A background of psychology and/or education is looked for, together with sufficient post-qualifications practice to have given a reasonable degree of familiarity with education generally and with research and computer procedures. The successful applicant is unlikely to be under 28.

Write quoting ref. 28.8a/B for further details and application form, posting first-class to: Appointments Officer, Middlesex Polytechnic, Bounds Green Road, London N11 2NQ. Closing date 23 April.

Middlesex Polytechnic

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BREMA

Economic Services Secretary

The British Radio Equipment Manufacturers' Association (BREMA), an important Trade Association in the electronics industry, wishes to fill a vacancy which has arisen for the Economic Services Secretary, the head of the department which is responsible for providing an economic and statistical service to the consumer electronics industry.

Duties involve the supervision of the collation of industry statistics from Member companies, evaluation and provision of advice on market trends and market forecasts for the UK domestic television and audio industries, and the initiation and development of new services. The post includes the Secretaryship of a specialist committee and the provision of reports at regular meetings of other BREMA committees. Close contact is maintained with manufacturers, the distributive trade, Government departments, the City, universities, market research organisations and other trade bodies in the UK and overseas.

Candidates should preferably be graduates in Economics, with experience in the consumer durables industry. The preferred age is 25-35. They should be able to write clear and concise reports, and it would be an advantage to have a knowledge of French or German.

The starting salary for this challenging senior post, which will enable the holder to acquire a unique knowledge of the consumer electronics industry, will be circa £7,000 p.a. depending upon experience.

Assistant Economic Services Secretary

The continued expansion of BREMA activities has created a new post for an additional Assistant Economic Services Secretary, to work under the direction of the Economics Services Secretary and closely with the existing Assistant Secretary.

Duties involve the collation of Members' returns and the evaluation and analysis of statistical information from other sources, as well as acting in an across-the-board capacity within the department.

Candidates should preferably be graduates, with proven statistical and analytical ability. Knowledge of Europen language(s) would be useful.

The starting salary for this post is dependent upon age and experience, but is likely to be c. £4,000 p.a.

Written applications, for both posts, together with an outline of qualifications and experience and an indication of the personal merits you can bring to the appointments, should be sent to:

The Director,
British Radio Equipment Manufacturers' Association,
20th Century House,
31 Soho Square,
London W1V 5DG.

N A C R O

Has a vacancy for a

Principal Organiser

based at its Manchester Office, to take responsibility for the management of Workshop, Day Centre and Education projects in Manchester, Merseyside and Wolverhampton and to participate in development work arising from these projects. Will be required to maintain a wide range of contacts with other agencies in the North West.

Previous experience of work in the criminal justice system and a background of management an advantage.

Salary on scale commencing £5,510 p.a. (salary scales currently under review).

Job Description and Application Form from:

Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9. Tel. 01-735 1151.

Closing date 23 April 1979 — Interviews 8 May 1979 (in Manchester)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE AND RESETTLEMENT OF OFFENDERS

Secretary Unusual

Do you want to work for a grass-roots Housing Association serving the community on a number of fronts? I require a Secretary who, besides being responsible to me, will also assist the other Managers on confidential matters. I don't want a 9-5 anybody. We have a good management team and you must be efficient if you want to join us. Don't expect fancy offices — we don't have them. What we do have is a happy contented staff with a commitment to serve the people. Shorthand is essential. Preferred age 25+. 20 days holiday. Commencing salary £4,000 p.a.

RING 01-961 3535
and speak to **John Keene** or **Gill Sims** or write to:
The Director, Brent People's Housing Association,
Rear Block, 16-18 High Street, London NW10

COLLEGE LEAVER SECRETARIES find the widest choice of 1st class openings through Covent Garden Staff Bureau. 01-353 7696.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M & S Staff Agency, 45 South Molton St, W1. 629 6821.

GRADUATE-MINDED Secretaries will find the more stimulating secretarial careers through the Covent Garden Staff Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

UNIVERSITY OF NAIROBI — KENYA

Applications are invited for the posts of

LECTURER IN DEPARTMENT OF GEOGRAPHY

Applicants should hold post graduate qualifications in Geography preferably at PhD level. The Department is seeking to appoint geographers with research interests and competence specifically in any of these areas: Biogeography (especially in the geography of soils), Climatology, Economic geography, Transport geography, Urban geography and the Geography of resources (with special interest in Remote Sensing). The appointees will also be expected to participate in field courses and in the teaching of practical geography to the different classes undergraduates and undertake supervision of post-graduate students in their specialised areas besides undertaking research. Salary Scale: K£2,016-K£3,312 p.a. (K£1 = £1.32 sterling). The British Government may supplement salaries in range £4,278-£4,818 p.a. (sterling) for married appointees or £2,730-£3,156 p.a. (sterling) for single appointees (reviewed annually and normally free of all tax) and provide children's education allowance and holiday visit passages. FSSU: family passages; various allowances. Detailed applications (2 copies) including a curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees should be sent by airmail by 10 May 1979 to the Registrar, (Recruitment and Training), University of Nairobi, PO Box 30197, Nairobi, Kenya. Applicants resident in UK should also send 1 copy to Inter-University Council, 90-91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

INSTITUTE OF LATIN AMERICAN STUDIES

RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP

Applications are invited for the post of Research Fellow The Institute is primarily a centre for social science research in contemporary Latin America but these interests are complemented by work in history and literature. The main areas of interest are Brazil, Mexico, Chile, Cuba and Venezuela. The Research Fellowship is tenable initially for two years, but may be renewed for a third year. Salary will be within range 1A of the salary scales for Research and Analogous Staff.

Applicants should explain their general interests and submit a specific research proposal together with their application to: Mr P. Flynn, Director, Institute of Latin American Studies, University of Glasgow, Glasgow G12 8QQ. Closing date: 30 April 1979.

In reply please quote Ref. No. 4421V.

UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Applications are invited from men and women for the above post tenable for 18 months commencing 1 September 1979 on an SSRC funded research project examining adversary politics and economic policy in Britain since 1945. Candidates should be graduates in Politics and/or Economics with particular aptitude in Statistics. Initial salary £3,384 a year. Further details from the Registrar and Secretary, the University, Sheffield S10 2TN to whom applications should be sent by 30 April 1979.

Quote ref: R272/D.

UNIVERSITY OF ZAMBIA

Applications are invited for t post of

PROFESSOR/ ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR/ SENIOR LECTURER IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT STUDIES

in the School of Humanities a Social Sciences. Candidates shou hold a PhD and have expertise Development Studies, althou suitably qualified candidates fr other disciplines in the Soc Sciences will be considered; sch arly contributions and achiev ments through research publi tions and quality teaching. addition to evidence of dist guished work, candidates shou provide evidence of excellence their field. Salary scales: Profess K8,616-K9,135 p.a., Associate P fessor K8,232-K8,616 p.a., Seni Lecturer K7,608-K8,016 p.a. (sterling=K1.61). The British Go ernment may supplement salary range £4,350-£5,925 p.a. (sterlin for married appointee or £1,96 £3,366 p.a. (sterling) for sing appointee (reviewed annually a normally free of all tax) and pr vide children's education allo ances and holiday visit passage Family passages; baggage allo ance; superannuation; medical a scheme; regular overseas leav Detailed application (2 copie with curriculum vitae and namin 3 referees should be sent by a mail to Registrar, University Zambia, PO Box 2379, Lusak Zambia, by 7 May 1979. Appl cants resident in the UK shou also send one copy to Inte University Council, 30/91 Totte ham Court Road, London W1 0DT. Further details may be o tained from either address.

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Closing date 20 April 1979.

For further details contact the Personnel Office, Amnesty Inter national, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF or phone 01-836 7788 Ext. 289.

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Apart from organising and reporting seminars she/he will assist with the information and advisory work which CEH undertakes. The starting salary will be around £4,000; advancement will depend on the expansion of CEH's activities, to which the conference secretary will have a major contribution to make.

CEH's office is in the King's Fund Centre, a new building near Camden Town and Regent's Park. Lunches are free.

If you are interested please write, with information about yourself, to **Sarah Langton-Lockton, CEH, 126 Albert Street, London NW1 7NF.**

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar and Secretary, University of Bristol, Senate House, Bristol BS8 1TH, to whom applications, including the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than 30 April 1979, (please quote reference EB).

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info. 836 5332. Opening perfs of new London season 'Love's Labour's Lost' (low price prev. Wed. then Thurs., Sat.) see daily press for dates and times. Also bkg 'The Taming of The Shrew' (prevs from 24 Apr.), Bulgakov's 'The White Guard, (prevs from 23 May). RSC also at The Warehouse in Howard Brenton's 'The Churchill Play' *premier Tom McGrath's* 'The Innocent' ('The Merchant of Venice' sold out).

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
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NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. 'The Fruits of Enlightenment', 'A Fair Quarrel', 'The Double Dealer', 'Close of Play', 'Lark Rise'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Evgs. 8.0. Sats. 4.30 & 8.30. Joint Stock Theatre Co. in 'Cloud Nine' by Caryl Churchill.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'Remember My Name' (AA). 3.45, 5.30, 7.15, 9.15.

Exhibition

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Meetings

ICA EVENTS, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. 10 April 7.30 p.m. Joyce Cutler Shaw, West Coast American artist on her multi-media work. 11 April 7.30 p.m. Jim Haynes v. Stephen Hayward debating work in the 70s. 75p. 01-930 0493.

THE SHADOW PARLIAMENT CLUB cordially invites you to become a member. Tel. 01-459 8225.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sun. 8 Apr. 8 p.m. Open Question/Answer Meeting. All welc. *ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.*

Courses

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WORLD HISTORY. Books bought & Catalogues issued on most areas. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED by New Horizon. *Details: Dept. NS, 5 Victoria Drive, Bognor* Regis, West Sussex.

BACH

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Good Friday, 13 April 1979
Part 1 at 2.30 p.m. Part 2 at 5.30 p.m.

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London Handel Festival 9-16 June at St George's, Hanover Square.

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